SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SEAL ISSUE

MAD

IND

OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP
No. 84
Jan. '64

Ex-Life Insurance Policy Owner Elmer Greedy at a PONY Track

"Life insurance? I'd rather play the horses!"

"Because a PONY man showed me that betting to win makes a lot more sense."

Rocky Gumbah talks it over with Elmer Greedy

"'When you buy life insurance,' PONY man Rocky Gumbah told me, 'You're betting to lose! Mainly, the Company that issues you that Insurance Policy is making book you stay alive—while you're betting you kick off. Now what kind of a gamble is that? If you win, you lose! When the pay-off comes, you ain't around to collect!'

"'Hey, I never thought of it that way, Rocky,' I said. 'But what do I do with all the insurance policies that I've been paying premiums on?'

"'Cash 'em in!' he said. 'Take the loot and come down to a PONY track with me. I'll show you some gambling that makes sense. When you bet on a horse and win, you do the collecting, not some crumby beneficiary!'"

PONY MEN TALK HORSE SENSE

They'll be glad to discuss gambling with you, and show you what kind of idiot you are for buying life insurance. For more information about PONY gambling, mail coupon at right.

PONY

PARI MUTUELS OF NEW YORK

PONY
Dept. M 33
Dream Street at Easy Street
Pie-In-The-Sky, New York

Please send me your free booklet, "The ABC of Playing the Horses at PONY Tracks in N. Y. State"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

CASH-ON-HAND AND IN BANKS _____

CASH VALUE OF INSURANCE _____

NUMBER 84 JANUARY 1964

MAD

"Working on a job may not be as hard as it used to be, but it certainly is a lot more taxing!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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VITAL FEATURES

FUTURE SINGING COMMERCIALS 4

An old song always brings on nostalgia — until Madison Avenue adapts it for a new singing commercial. Then it brings on nausea.

CELEBRITIES' NIGHTMARES 8

While many famous people are literally living on "Dream Street", a quick turn of events could put them in "Nightmare Alley."

SOME MAD HINTS FOR XMAS 10

With this timely article, **MAD** offers some helpful suggestions for beating the Xmas rush, and sets you up for the bum's rush.

A MAD GUIDE TO HYPNOTISM 18

You'll see how hypnotism works when you read this article, because you'll start getting sleepy . . . sleepy . . . very sleepy . . .

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF COPS 26

For his regular "Lighter Side" spot in this issue, Dave Berg takes a look at "Cops". And now, the cops are looking for Dave Berg.

3 METHODS OF GETTING A JOB 30

MAD offers 3 sure-fire methods of getting a job. If your boss catches you reading the article, you may need the information.

AWARDS FOR HOME MOVIES 33

While presenting Academy Awards for Home Movies, these pages accomplish what most home movies do —they bore you to death.

MODERN TEACHER 41

MAD's own version of a magazine for teachers may shed some light on why so many school drop-outs are the teachers themselves.

SEND

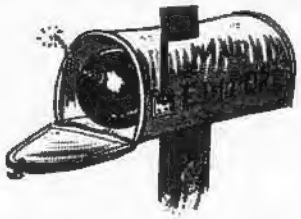
Christmas Greetings

ALL YEAR 'ROUND!

GIVE A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD

We'll send a cheery Christmas Gift Announcement telling whom to blame!

LETTERS DEPT.



THE MASTERPIECE

Congratulations on "The Masterpiece" in MAD #82. I think it voiced the public's reaction to the movie "Cleopatra" and to the disgusting publicity it received.

Richard Binder
Buffalo, New York

I wish to thank Don Martin for the brilliantly conceived satire, "The Masterpiece." I think it admirably expresses the feelings of the public at this point as to the subject involved, and I hope that the message gets through to all those concerned.

Louise M. Bayer
New York City

SERIOUS LETTER

This is an honest-to-goodness, serious letter, no gags or silly questions. I have been reading MAD for several years and I am still amazed. I have seen articles in your publication on subjects which would never be touched in other leading magazines. Yet, you have had the courage to deal with these subjects in a comical manner. You have treated subjects with humor, but the real underlying message comes through. You have had the courage to stand up for your convictions and beliefs. You have been unafraid to bring the truth to your readers, even if it appears to be mere satire. In these times and with the world in the state it is in, all MAD readers should be thankful for your enjoyable, humorous and most of all truthful magazine. You do not try to cover up or color your articles. Bravo for your fortitude and ingenuity. I know you won't print this letter because you and your staff are much too modest to accept any of the credit you so richly deserve...

Charlene L. Seegert
Cannon Falls, Minn.

Oh, you are right! You are so right!—Ed.

GOOD SPORTS

We, the greedy optometrists who belong to the California Optometric Association, thank you for printing that blurry ad on the inside front cover of your October issue, thereby causing some of your stupid readers in this state to strain their eyes and rush to us so that we could overcharge them for lenses and frames and eye-drops and like that. Only thing is, we liked the ad so much we kept reading and re-reading it ourselves, and now most of us have strained our own eyes and now we need new furshlugginer glasses.

Arthur C. Heinsen, O.D., Director
Dept. of Public Information
California Optometric Association
San Jose, California

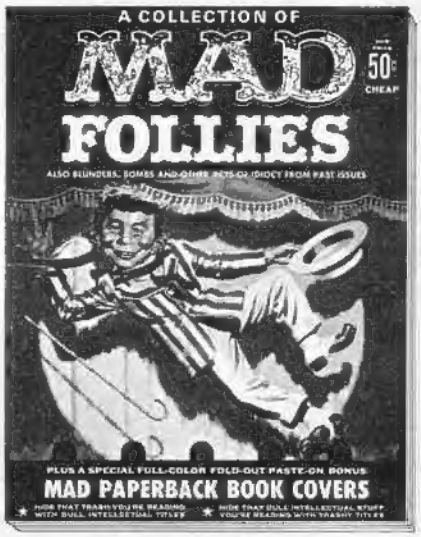
TWO MAD ANNUALS?

You guys are pretty good—having two "annuals" each year!

Gerry Zmijewski
Baltimore, Md.

Your "6th Annual Edition" was very good. All TWO of them. Let's see you get out of this.

Terry Adams
San Gabriel, Calif.



We're getting out of it by publishing a third annual, called "A Collection of MAD Follies"—on sale Dec. 5th. As with "The Worst From MAD" and "More Trash From MAD," "MAD Follies" will contain acts of idiocy from past issues plus a hilarious bonus insert.—Ed.

use COUPONS or duplicates

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UPON REFLECTION

I think your Letters Department is the dumbest thing I've ever read. The only thing it does for MAD is to take up space. I'd like to get a look at one of those idiots who writes to you. He must be a real clod!!

Steven Wagner
Anaheim, Calif.

J-just give me a minute. I'll think up a clever answer! Let's see . . . —Ed.

WHAT—ME FLYING?

It had to happen! MAD's own airline!

D. C. Detweiler
Orly, Seine, France

UPCOMING BERG BOOK

MAD's "Berg's-Eye View Department" has made a hit with me every issue. His superb artistry combined with his satirical and hilarious wit make an unbeatable combination. Why don't you come out with a paperback edition?

Stephen Brenner
North Hollywood, Calif.

I think it would be a good idea to publish a book full of "The Lighter Side of Rain"—"Smoking"—"Summer"—"Winter", etc., all by the funniest guy on your staff, Dave Berg. If you do, I'll be the first guy to buy one.

Frank Kryza
Arlington, Va.

Berg fans will be happy to learn that Dave is hard at work on a paperback book of all-new and original material to be called "MAD's Dave Berg Looks at the U.S.A." Watch for it.—Ed.

CONGRATULATORY LETTER

I dislike readers who send in congratulary letters for your articles. They take up space, and aren't particularly funny. Oh, by the way, I enjoyed reading "The Nurtzes". Congratulations to Mort Drucker and Stan Hart on a fine job.

Dave Greenleaf
Dunkirk, N. Y.

You're right, Dave. They aren't particularly funny!—Ed.

VIVA SERGIO

Sergio Aragones is the funniest artist MAD has had in a long time. His "Drawn-Out Dramas" put more hilarity in less space than any other MAD drawing. His two articles, "A MAD Look at the U.S. Space Effort" and "A MAD Look at Motorcycle Cops" were really great. Let's see more of Sergio Aragones.

Dave Stanton, Pres.
The Society for the Promotion of Sergio Aragones

Sergio does "A MAD Look at Santa" in this issue.—Ed.

TO THE POINT

I know how disgusted you must get having to read long, drawn-out letters, so for this reason I am making this letter as short as possible. I will come right to the point because I realize how frustrating it must be to you to read letters that are "overdone" and yet actually have a very short message. It must be terribly boring to read a letter by some "nut" who "beats around the bush" before he gets to the subject he wrote to you about. I have learned that getting right to the subject saves a lot of time and effort. I am making this letter "short and sweet" because I realize the truth of this fact. I would not have you read a long drawn-out letter for the world, because I know you get enough of them as it is. And I know how mad you must get when you have to read that type of letter. Well, rest assured that I am not one of those people who has to make a dull endless speech just to express a small statement. That is why I will get right down to what I wrote you about . . . which I forgot.

Ricky Parrish
Dallas, Texas

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MAD, Dept. 84, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

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FILL THOSE STOCKINGS WITH

"GREASY MAD STUFF"

. . . and any of the other

MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS!

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850 Third Avenue
New York City, N.Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND ME:
☐ The MAD Frontier ☐ MAD In Orbit

I ENCLOSE 35¢ FOR EACH

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:
☐ The Bedside MAD
☐ Son Of MAD
☐ The Organization MAD
☐ Like MAD
☐ The Ides of MAD
☐ Fighting MAD
☐ The Voodoo MAD
☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
☐ Don Martin Steps Out
☐ Don Martin Bounces Back

I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

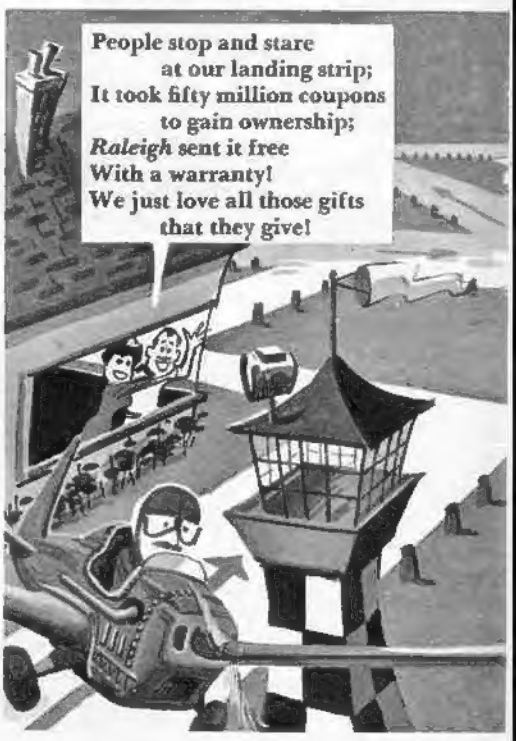
Check or Money Order only—No Cash Accepted
On orders outside the U.S.A., add 10% extra

"The lively crowd . . . today agrees . . . those who think young . . . say Pepsi, please!" Sound familiar? Sure, it's the famous singing TV commercial for Pepsi Cola. But did you know that it was adapted from a popular old song—mainly, Gus Kahn's "Making

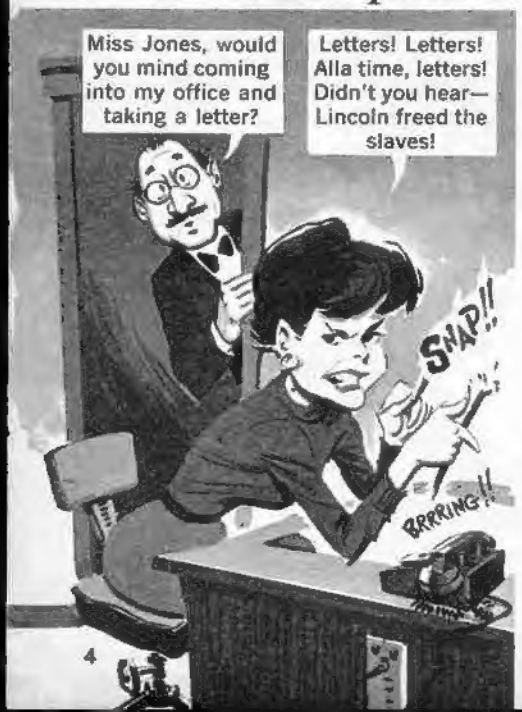
FUTURE SINGING

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS

If **RALEIGH** adapted Lerner and Loewe's *"On The Street Where You Live"*



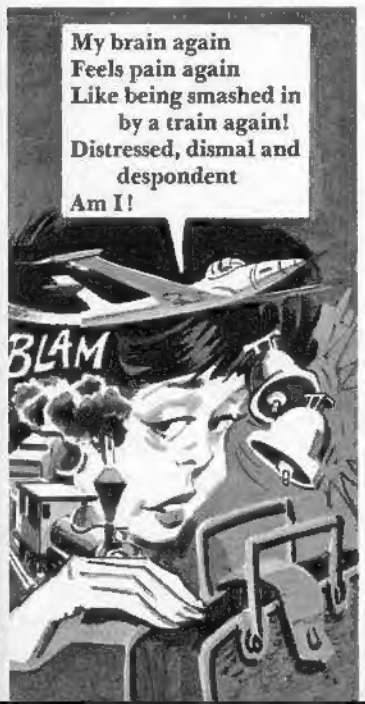
If **ANACIN** adapted Rodgers & Hart's *"Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"*

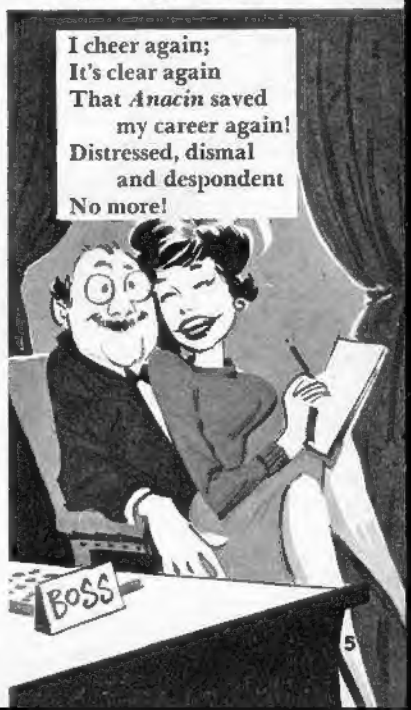


Whoopee"? Well, if we know how the creative minds on Madison Avenue work, it won't be long before more and more singing commercials will be adapted from popular old songs. So, to sicken you before they do, here is our special MAD preview of . . .

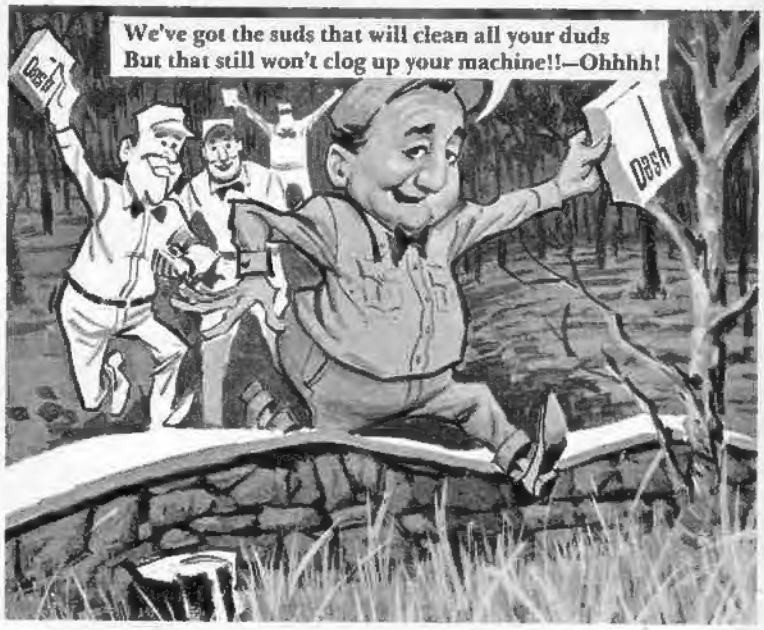
ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD
WRITER:
FRANK JACOBS

TV COMMERCIALS
OF FAMOUS SONGWRITERS





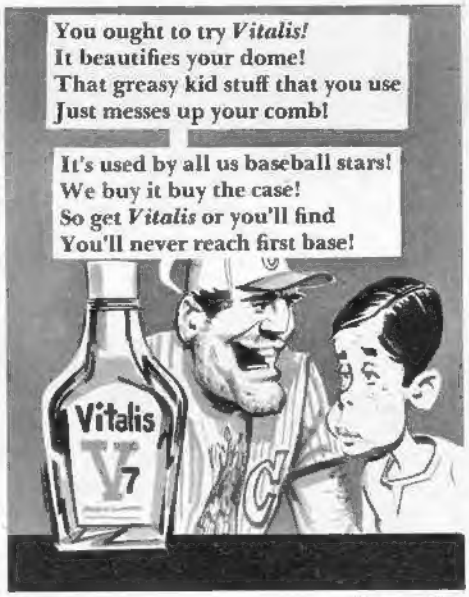
If **DASH** adapted Sigmund Romberg's *"Stouthearted Men"*

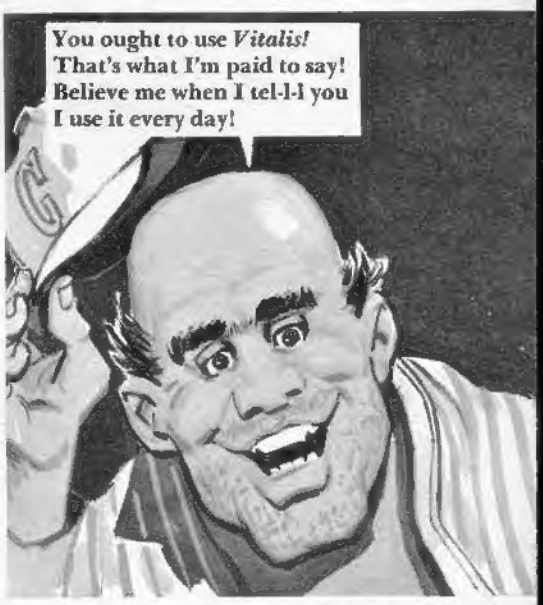


If **ALLSTATE** adapted George M. Cohan's *"Give My Regards To Broadway"*

If **CREST** adapted Leonard Bernstein's *"The Jets' Song"*

If VITALIS adapted Jerome Kern's *"The Last Time I Saw Paris"*





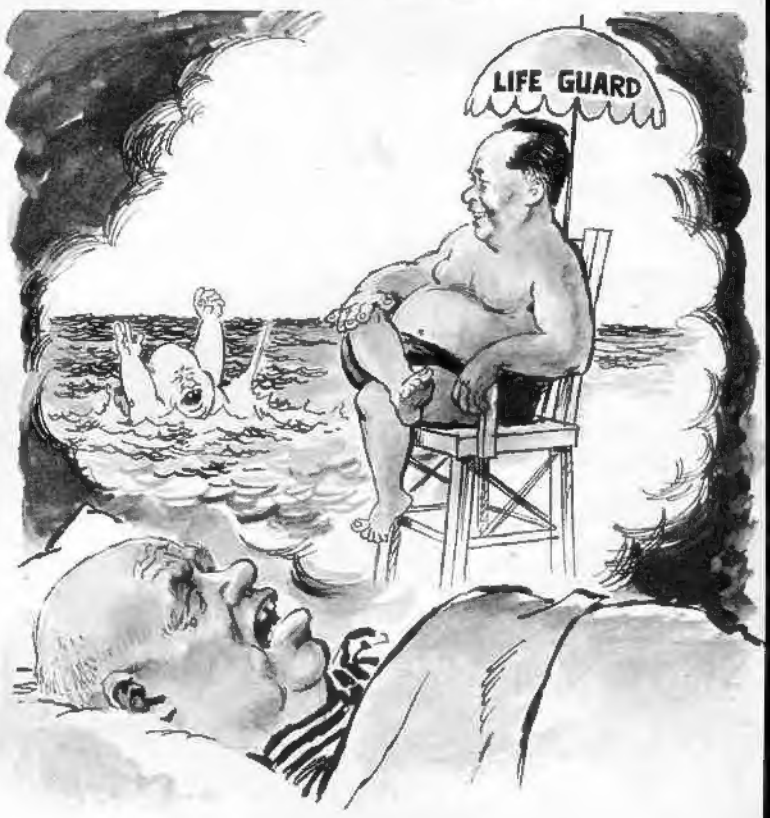
NAMES IN THE SNOOZE DEPT.

We suppose everybody has had a bad dream now and then, but what about the people "in the public eye"? We learn a great deal about these people from the various mass media, but

CELEBRITIES'

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV



FRANK SINATRA

BERT PARKS

one thing we don't know is what these famous figures dream about. Which is why we've conjured up these speculative scenes from the slumbering subconscious, and called them . . .

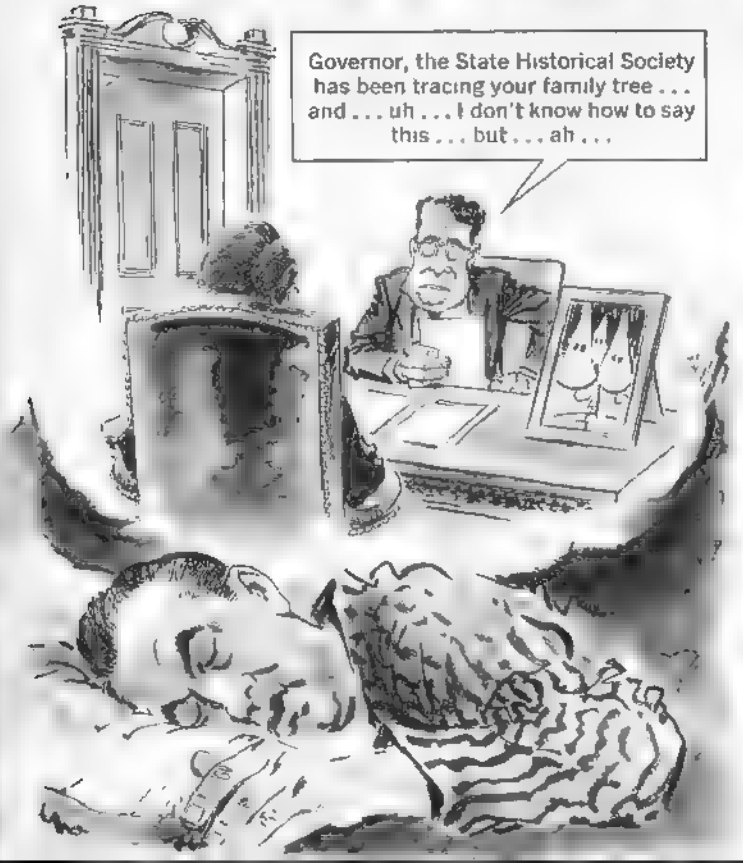
ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER
WRITER:
DON REILLY

NIGHTMARES

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER

CHARLTON HESTON

GOVERNOR WALLACE OF ALABAMA



"PLAYBOY" PUBLISHER, HUGH HEFNER

ST. NICK KNACKS DEPT.

Here it is November, and you've probably just finished your last-minute Christmas Shopping! Well, that takes care of 1962! Now what about 1963?

SOME MAD HINTS FOR THE COMING

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

To prepare yourself physically for shopping during the Christmas Season, follow this practical training course:

Gather 20 friends . . . Come to think of it, in this case enemies would be better! . . . in one room in your home.

Next, empty everything but one shirt from closet. Put price tag of $12.00 on shirt, then mark it down to $1.98.

At the count of 3, try to beat your 20 friends to the one shirt. Repeat until you've mastered this technique.

MAILING LINES

It's bad enough buying gifts, but mailing them is worse. Here's MAD's method of licking the Post Office problem:

Buy cheap—(The cheaper the better!)—alarm clock. Wrap and label all gifts that have to be mailed . . . plus clock.

With wrapped alarm clock ticking loudly, stand on a line at the Post Office. Act suspicious, nervous and fidgety.

You'll be first on line in no time—unless, that is, you live in an area where practically everyone reads MAD.

Since so many people wait till the last minute to do their shopping and other Christmas chores, MAD now comes to their rescue by offering . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

XMAS SEASON

"WHAT TO BUY WHO" QUESTIONNAIRE

Make separate copy for each person you must shop for. Answer each question carefully. Save time and money.

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE BELOVED PERSON I AM GIVING THIS GIFT TO? _____

ABOUT HOW MUCH CAN I AFFORD TO SPEND ON THIS PERSON? _____

WHAT ARE THIS PERSON'S LIKES? _____

DISLIKES? _____

AM I SURE THIS PERSON IS REALLY WORTH IT? ____

HASN'T THIS PERSON DISPLAYED SOME DISAGREEABLE TRAITS DURING THE PAST YEAR? _____

THIS PERSON IS A LITTLE PUSHY, ISN'T SHE (HE)? _____

JUST WHO THE HELL DOES THIS PERSON THINK SHE (HE) IS??? _____

I SHOULD SPEND MY HARD-EARNED MONEY ON A FINK? ____

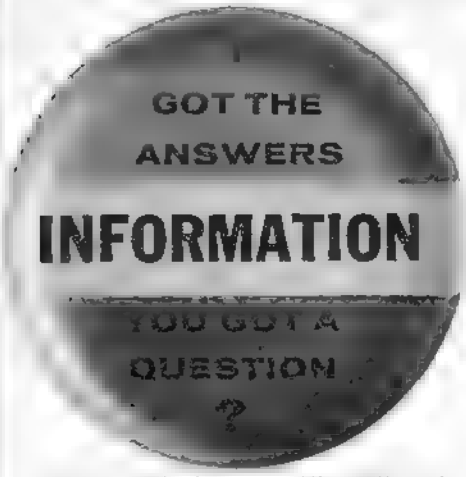
WHAT AM I, CRAZY??? _____

HAVE I SEEN THE LIGHT OF DAY JUST IN TIME? _____

WHAT SHOULD I BUY MYSELF ON THE MONEY I WAS PLANNING TO SPEND ON THIS FINK'S GIFT? _____

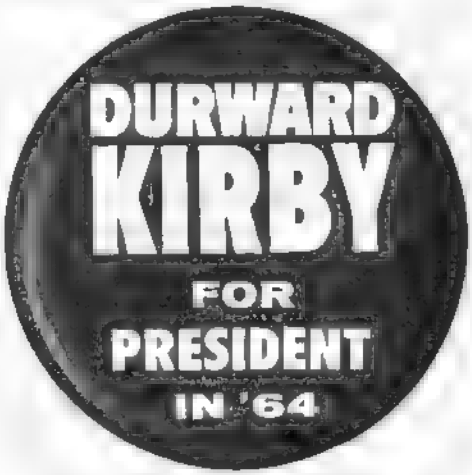
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BADGES

A collection of useful badges to avoid unpleasant physical contact during the Christmas shopping rush:



Paste this badge on stiff cardboard, cut it out, and pin it to your lapel. Enter any crowded Department Store, decide which floor you want to shop on, and direct people to floors other than the one you've chosen. Then you shop in uncrowded, leisurely fashion.

Use this badge to shop after 9 PM and before 8 AM. Be prepared to save lots of money as no sales help is usually present at this time. Be prepared to save even more money as real watchman is usually present at this time, and prison inmates don't exchange gifts.



If the 2 foregoing procedures do not appeal to you for various reasons . . . like you're too chicken to use them, try this badge. It establishes you as a "Kook"! People will be afraid to question you as you push through the crowds and walk to the front of lines.

TRIMMING THE TREE

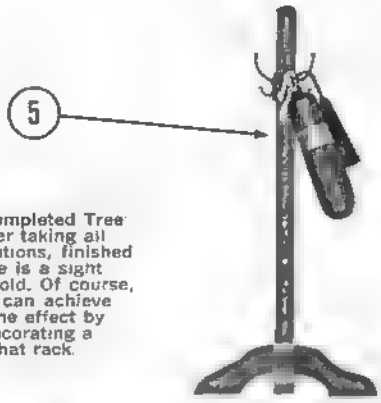
How to trim the Christmas Tree while taking precautions advised by National, State and Local Safety Councils.

(1) Ornaments: One must be careful in choosing ornaments. Glass and plastic ornaments will break and litter floor with dangerous pieces. Don't use them. Foil ornaments are too light and fragile, so leave them off the tree, too.

(2) Lights: You will want your tree to be a blaze of glory, but you cannot use candles. They are a fire hazard. And since electric lights short out easily, better not use those either.

(3) Trimmings: Tinsel, angel hair, etc. tend to fall off tree making it hard on bare feet come Christmas morning. Avoid using these items at all costs.

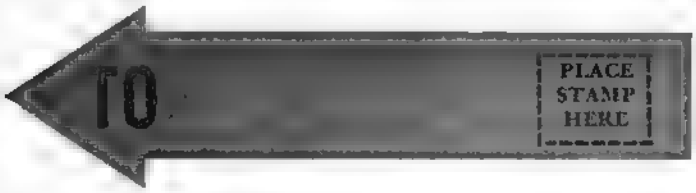
(4) The Tree: A tall tree means climbing a ladder to decorate, with chance of a nasty fall. Small trees are fire hazards, so prune back branches well. And keep a fire extinguisher nearby.



(5) Completed Tree After taking all precautions, finished tree is a sight to behold. Of course, you can achieve same effect by decorating a hat rack.

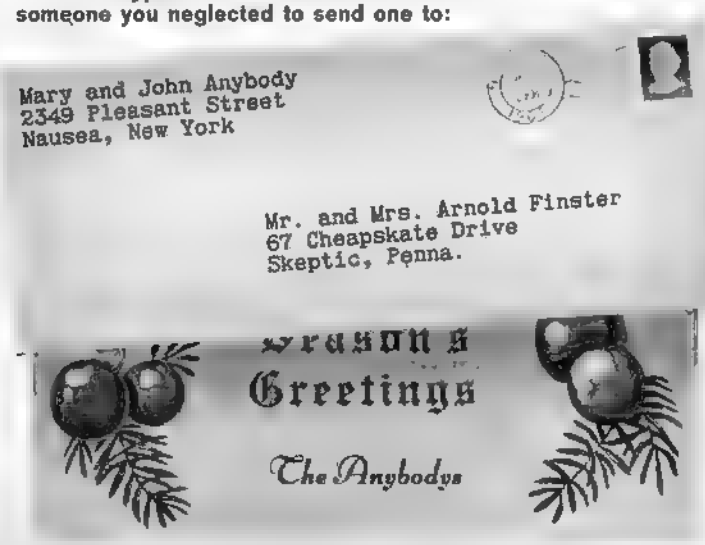
THE CHRISTMAS CARD PROBLEM

Every year, we receive hundreds of Christmas cards, mostly from people we neglected to send cards to ourselves. With this simple MAD "3-piece Label Set," the problem is solved.



Isn't that a coincidence! We both picked the same Christmas card!

Here is typical card received from someone you neglected to send one to:



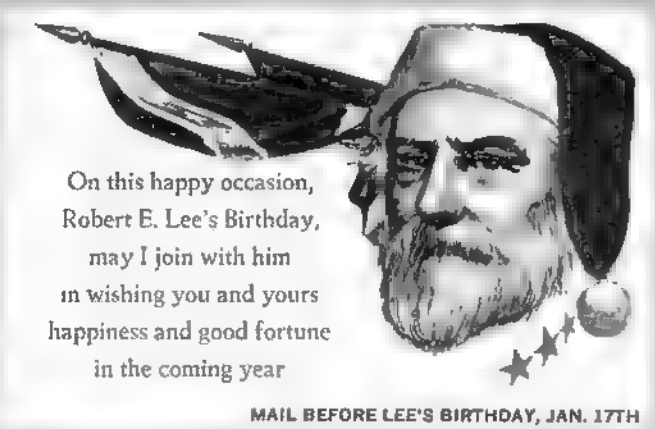
Using special "MAD 3-piece Label Set," you can drop same card back in the mail:

SPECIAL "AFTER CHRISTMAS CARDS"

There are several notes or cards to be sent out after Christmas. MAD takes most of the work out of writing them with this selection of "After Christmas Cards":

"Thank You Card" for Christmas Gift you really hated but helps you avoid lying about how much you loved the thing:

"Belated Card" for people who send cards too late to be returned, and too late to even send back New Year Card:



MAIL BEFORE LEE'S BIRTHDAY, JAN. 17TH

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART 1

And now for a taste of culture...a delicious treat by Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist. Don dishes up a tasty morsel...mainly, a saccharin-sweet poem, slightly roasted by his own interpretation and inimitable drawing style. Here, then, is...

THE EPICURE*

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

ILLUSTRATED BY DON MARTIN

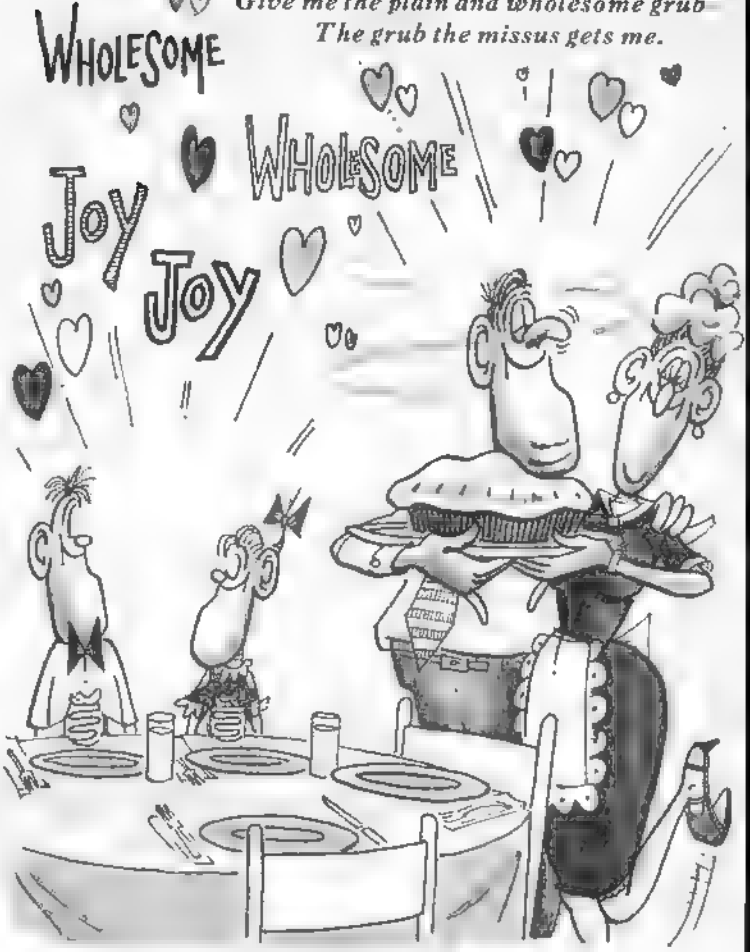
*From "Collected Verse of Edgar A. Guest," Copyright, 1934, by The Reilly & Lee Co.

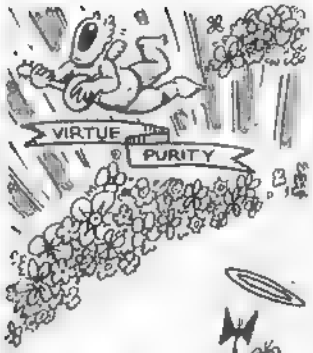
I've sipped a rich man's sparkling wine,
His silverware I've handled.
I've placed these battered legs of mine,
'Neath tables gayly candled.
I dine on rare and costly fare
When'er good fortune lets me,

But there's no meal that can compare
With those the missus gets me.

I've had your steak three inches thick
with all your Sam Ward trimming,
I've had the breast of milk-fed chick
In luscious gravy swimming.
To dine in swell café or club
But irritates and frets me;

Give me the plain and wholesome grub
The grub the missus gets me.



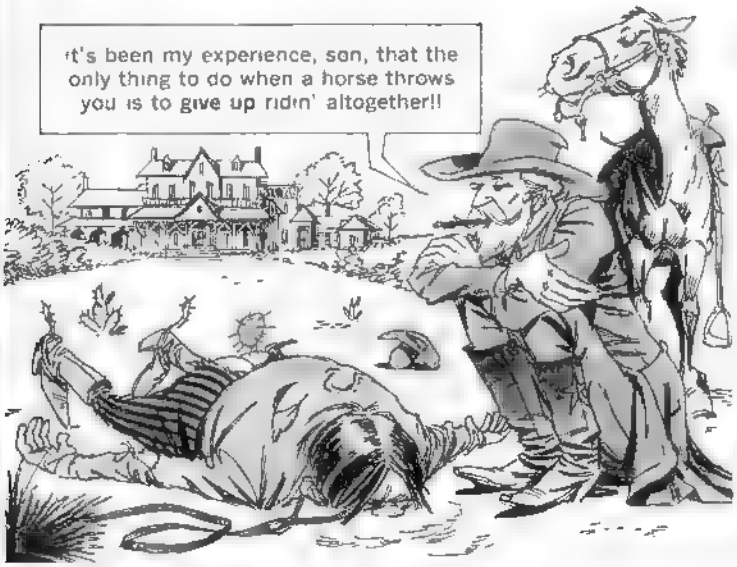


Two kiddies at the board,
The cook right at the table,
The four of us, a hungry horde,
To beat that none is able.
A big meat pie, with flaky crust!
'Tis then that joy besets me;
Oh, I could eat until I "bust,"

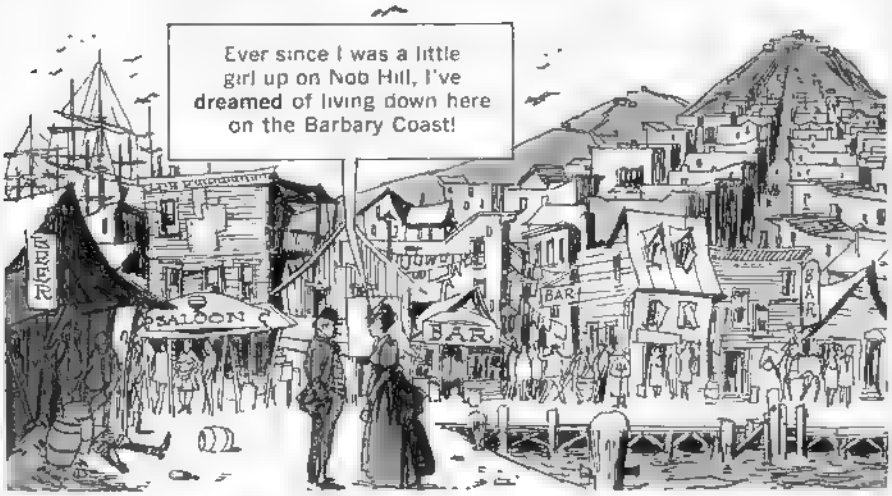
Those meals the missus gets me.

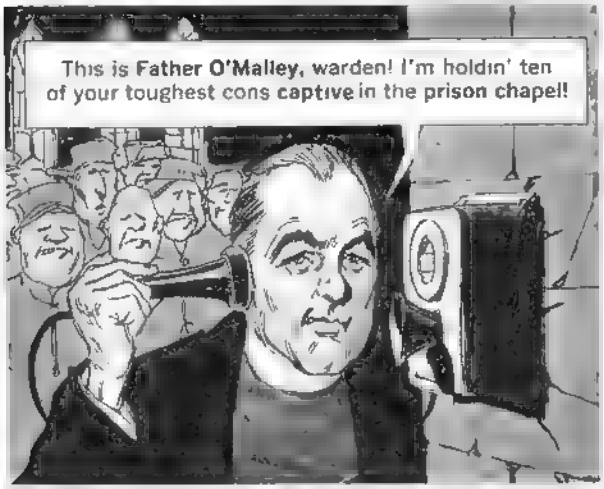
MORE MOVIE DIALOGUE WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

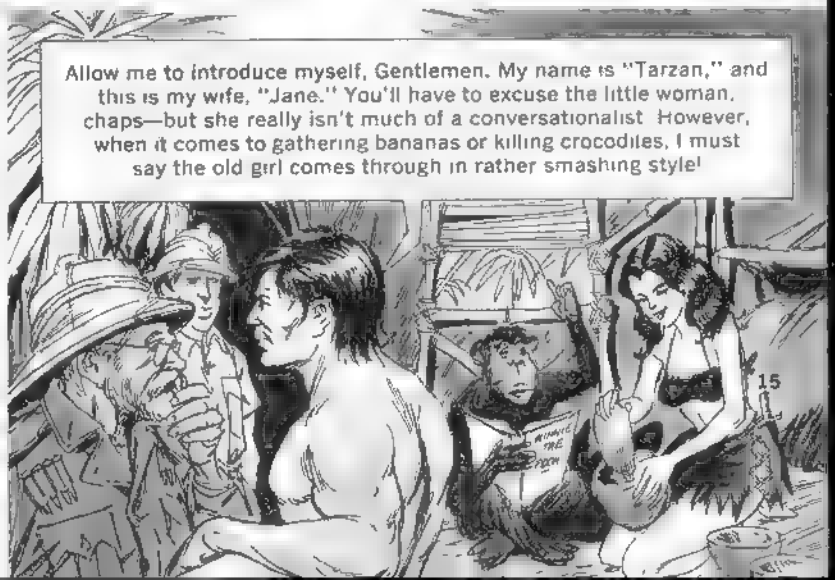
A COLLECTION OF "REVERSE CLICHES" DESIGNED TO INJECT NEW LIFE INTO OLD "SURE-FIRE DIALOGUE"



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: HARRY PURVIS







CLASH OF SYMBOLS DEPT.

This next article speculates on some of the ridiculous trademarks and advertising symbols which could result if America's big corporations continue this trend toward becoming even bigger. Mainly, here are . . .

TRADEMARKS

SCHWEPPES & WHITE ROCK

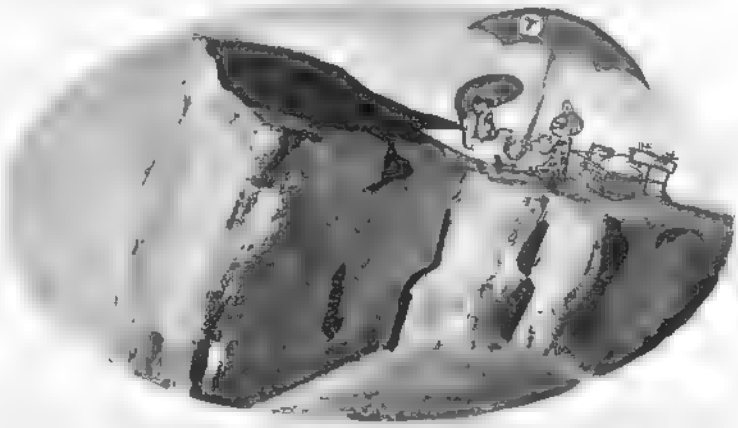
RCA VICTOR & MGM RECORDS

SHERWIN WILLIAMS
&
DUTCH BOY PAINTS

AMERICAN AIRLINES
&
GREYHOUND BUSSES

WHITE OWL
&
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

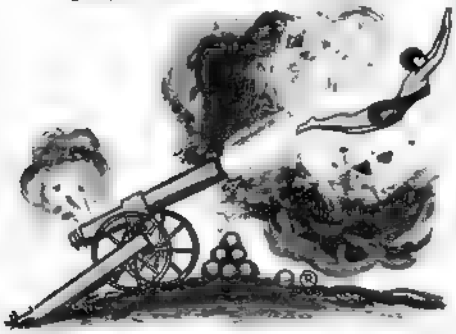
PRUDENTIAL & TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO'S.



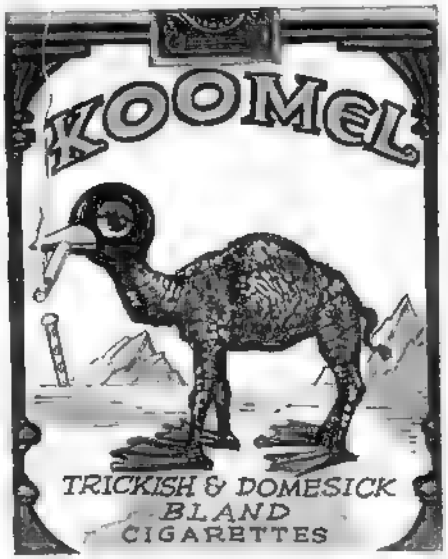
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: DON REILLY

resulting from future mergers

CANNON TOWELS & JANTZEN SWIM SUITS



KOOLS & CAMEL CIGARETTES



HASTINGS PISTON RINGS & FISK TIRES

SUNSHINE BISCUITS & ARM AND HAMMER BAKING SODA

ARROW & HATHAWAY SHIRTS

ARROW®

PLAYBOY & MAD MAGAZINE

OLD GRAND-DAD & OLD CROW WHISKEY

MORTON'S SALT & HEINZ KETCHUP

"When it rains, it glops!"

A MAD Guide to

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

First of all, remember: Hypnotism is an art, like playing the violin or the kazoo, and requires intensive practice before you can master it. Just as you would not expect to pick up a violin or a kazoo and immediately play it like an expert, you cannot expect to pick up this magazine and immediately become an expert hypnotist after reading this article. You can, however, expect to be able to hypnotize a violin or a kazoo after reading this article—if you go in for that sort of thing.

Hypnotism is by no means new. It has been used for centuries by the Egyptians, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, and the Southern Baptists. Tales of healing by the spoken word, and laying on of the hands are recorded in many little-read sources—such as books.

The father of modern hypnotism was Franz Mesmer. There is no record of a mother of modern hypnotism, but a good guess might be Brigitte Bardot. Mesmer was a Viennese by birth, and an egotist by inclination, so he called his discovery "Mesmerism." In fact, he called everything he knew "Mesmerism," except Vienna, which he never called at all. (How could he call? There were no telephones!) Mesmer had peculiar ideas about how mesmerism worked. He thought that a strange current flowed from the operator to the subject. He called this "Animal Magnetism." Today, we have a different name for it. We call it "Poppycock"! Most of Mesmer's techniques have long since been discredited, including a bewildering array of idiotic gestures, passes, and armwaves. The only one using them these days is Mitch Miller.

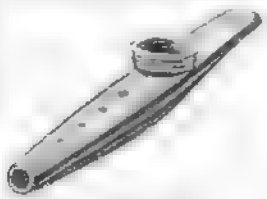
Today, we know that hypnotism is not a mystic power, but merely the result of mental suggestion. Anyone with average mental equipment can do it. Which leaves out most of your MAD readers, but as we hypnotists say, "That's the way the cookie crumbles!" You can always try card tricks.

A word of warning: Hypnotism misused can be dangerous, just as a misused violin or kazoo can be dangerous. So read this article carefully before attempting to use hypnotism for, say, brain surgery.

And finally, remember that hypnotism is simply a case of mental concentration. So if you're able to concentrate long enough to read this preposterous article, the rest should be easy!

VIOLIN

KAZOO



HOW TO HYPNO

Hypnotism is achieved by getting a subject to concentrate his attention on your suggestions, thus putting his mind under your control. Accomplish this, and he will be like putty in your hands. If you like handling putty, you'll love hypnotism. To put a subject under his control, the hypnotist repeats a phrase over and over again. The usual phrase is "You are very sleepy! You are very sleepy . . ." However, other phrases have been successful, like "Smoke

BASIC TOOLS USED BY EX

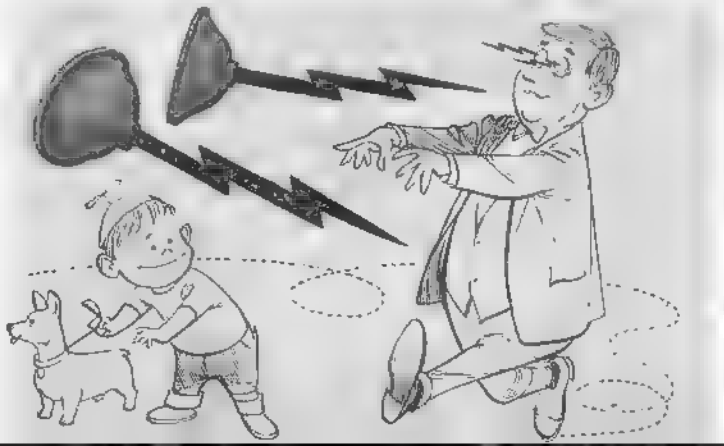
There are many aids and tools that hypnotists, especially experts, use regularly. These are usually items that the

WATCH

Here, the subject concentrates on a bright, shiny watch. If the subject concentrates hard enough, he will probably go to sleep. If not, at least he'll know what time it is.

EVEN MORE BASIC TOOLS

HYPNOTIC CARTOON ZIG-ZAGS. Beginner attaches these to his eyeballs. Looks like a real hypnotist. Or a real nut.



HYPNOTISM

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PHIL HAHN

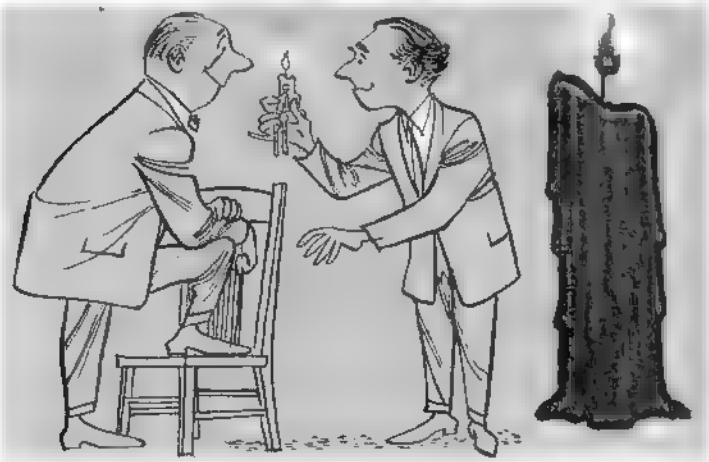
TIZE A SUBJECT

Kools! Smoke Kools . . ." Don't bother with phrases like "Buy MAD! Buy MAD . . ." We tried it, and it doesn't work! Doesn't work . . . Whatever phrase you use, always project self-confidence and strength of character. The subject must trust you implicitly. Do not, under any circumstance, let him catch you referring to this article. It might tend to make him a bit nervous. Hysterical, even. Especially if you forget to tear it out of the magazine.

PERIENCED HYPNOTISTS

subject stares at and concentrates on, thus inducing deep sleep. Like a TV set, f'rinstance. Here are just a few:

CANDLE



Here, the subject concentrates on a candle. The hypnotist is hoping the subject will soon go to sleep. The subject is hoping the hot wax will soon burn the hypnotist's hand.

COAT

Here, the subject is concentrating on an expensive mink coat. She is hypnotized already. She will do anything the hypnotist suggests. Guess what the hypnotist will suggest.

USED BY BEGINNING HYPNOTISTS

HYPNOTIC PHONOGRAPH RECORD. This "Beginner's Aid" is guaranteed to put anyone to sleep. It's by Lawrence Welk.

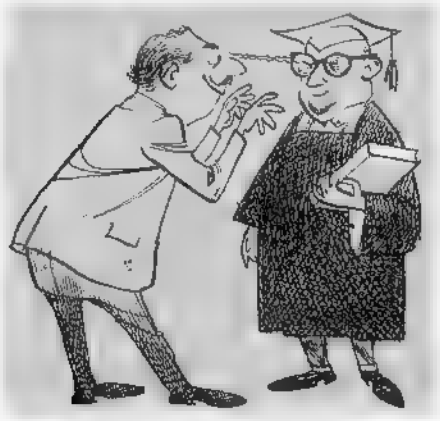
HYPNOTIC SLEEP STICK. Used only as a last resort. A quick rap will put almost any subject to sleep instantly.

CHOOSING A SUBJECT

There are a number of mental and emotional qualities that make for a desirable subject, and you must look for them. Mainly, however, you must look for a subject who's idiot enough to let another idiot like you try to hypnotize him.

HIGH INTELLIGENCE

Surprising as it may seem, high intelligence is desirable in a subject. A stupid person is less easily hypnotized than an intelligent one. The trouble is, the intelligent ones have more sense than to fool around with this junk. But anyway, it's a fact that a person's susceptibility to hypnosis increases as his I.Q. increases. Thus, someone like Einstein would have been easy to hypnotize . . . while the Editor of MAD probably cannot be hypnotized at all.



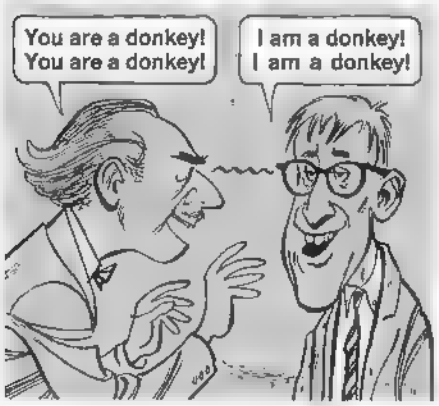
GOOD SUBJECT

BAD SUBJECT

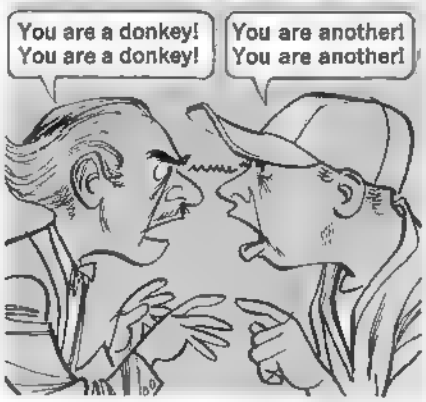
RIDICULOUS SUBJECT

COOPERATIVE ATTITUDE

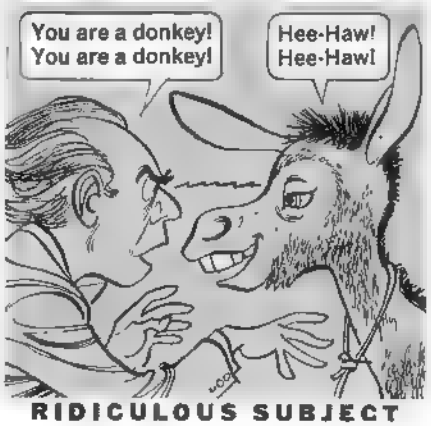
No one can be hypnotized against his will. The reason for this is that the subject actually hypnotizes himself. The hypnotist merely acts as a "catalyst." Those of you who have not as yet run off to look up "catalyst" can readily see, therefore, how important the subject's attitude can be. The subject must be extremely cooperative, or nothing will happen. For your first subject, choose someone who is very, very cooperative. Elizabeth Taylor, f'rinstance.



GOOD SUBJECT



BAD SUBJECT



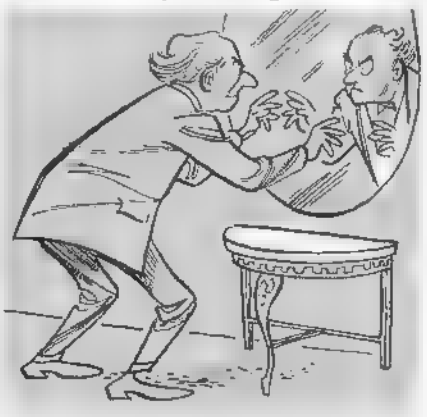
RIDICULOUS SUBJECT

MENTAL HEALTH

When you choose a subject, be sure that he is absolutely normal, mentally — and that he is free from any serious neuroses or psychoses. If you know anyone like this, you are either very lucky, or a good liar. So do what you can with what's available, and above all, stay away from the Advertising Crowd. No sense in just asking for trouble!

GOOD SUBJECT

BAD SUBJECT



RIDICULOUS SUBJECT

MANIPULATING THE SUBJECT

THE SUBJECT'S MORAL CODE

When manipulating your subject, always remember that he will not do anything under hypnosis that he would not do normally. His moral code protects him. F'rinstance, you can get a human being to behave like a cuckoo bird, but you can't get a cuckoo bird to behave like a human being. This is because cuckoo birds have a higher moral code than human beings. However, you can fool a subject. By setting up a false situation, you can get a subject to do something he may have moral compunctions against, simply because he won't think he's doing what he's doing. Like:

Under hypnosis, a juvenile delinquent, having been told that he is entering his favorite pool hall, cheerfully saunters into a Sunday School class.

A big, dumb truck driver, having been told that he is going into a theater to see a Brigitte Bardot film, cheerfully attends a performance of *Hamlet*.

A pretty girl, having been told that she is in her own bedroom, undressing for bed, cheerfully clobbers the hypnotist who thought she was hypnotized.

DEGREES OF HYPNOSIS

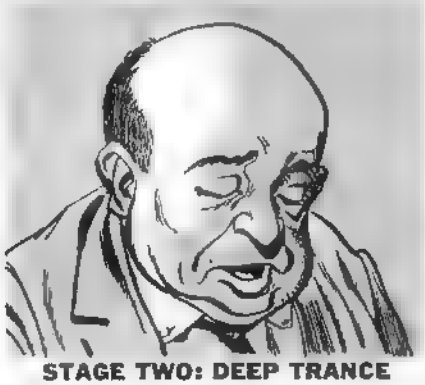
There are several stages of the "Hypnotic Trance" through which a subject may pass while under hypnosis. Therefore, it is important that you know how to recognize the stages and that you know what to do with a subject in each case.

STAGE ONE: LIGHT TRANCE

Patient still seems to be awake. The trance is characterized by open eyes, even breathing, and a calm demeanor.

WHAT TO DO:

Give simple suggestions. Light memory probing and post-hypnotic suggestions possible if subject is in this stage.



STAGE TWO: DEEP TRANCE

Patient seems to be asleep. Trance is characterized by closed eyes, a deep breathing, and a very calm demeanor.

WHAT TO DO:

Give complicated suggestions. Deeper memory probing, surgery, psychiatric treatment are possible in this stage.

STAGE THREE: TOO DEEP TRANCE

Trance characterized by wide, staring eyes, absolutely no breathing at all, and a very, very, *very* calm demeanor.

WHAT TO DO:

Better bury him . . .

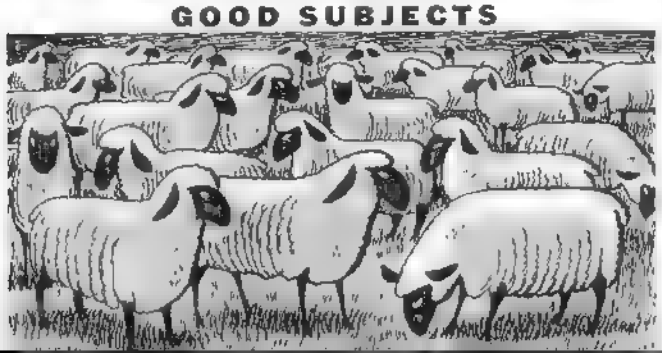
Quick . . .

He's dead!

MASS HYPNOSIS

Mass hypnosis (putting large groups of people to sleep at one time) is a difficult feat, and can only be done by a handful of expert hypnotists, and most TV show producers. If you attempt it, be sure your subjects are in the right mood: sympathetic, receptive and well-behaved. Otherwise, you'll only embarrass yourself, and alienate your subjects.

GOOD SUBJECTS



BAD SUBJECTS

USES FOR

There are many uses for hypnotism. It is good for memory probing, anesthesia, self-improvement, psychiatric treat-

CURING SILLY FEARS

Here we see a man with a silly fear of heights. Standing on tiptoes terrifies this man. Even just standing.

Here we see a hypnotist putting the man into a trance. The hypnotist will cure him of his silly fear of heights.

Here we see the man completely cured of his silly fear of heights — as he falls off The Empire State Building.

ANESTHESIA

Here we see a dentist using hypnotic anesthesia so that he can remove the tooth from a patient's mouth easily.

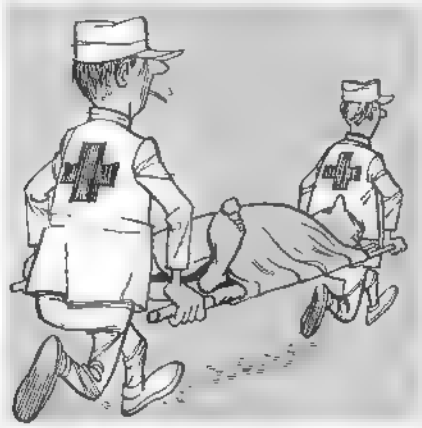
Here we see a surgeon using hypnotic anesthesia so he can remove the gall bladder from patient's abdomen easily.

Here we see a psychiatrist using hypnotic anesthesia so he can remove the money from a patient's wallet easily.

ELIMINATING PSYCHOSOMATIC PAINS

Here we see a hypochondriac who keeps imagining he has pain in his stomach.

Here we see a hypnotist eliminating the imaginary stomach pain he feels.



Here we see the cured hypochondriac dying of an imaginary burst appendix.

A NOTE OF WARNI

No doubt there are real dangers in the practice of hypnotism . . . especially now that you have decided to try it. However, there are real dangers in everything we do, like

HYPNOTISM

ment and entertainment. Mainly, though, it's good because it gives us something to write ridiculous articles about.

MEMORY PROBING

Here we see a man suffering from one form of amnesia. He has suddenly and completely forgotten where he lives.

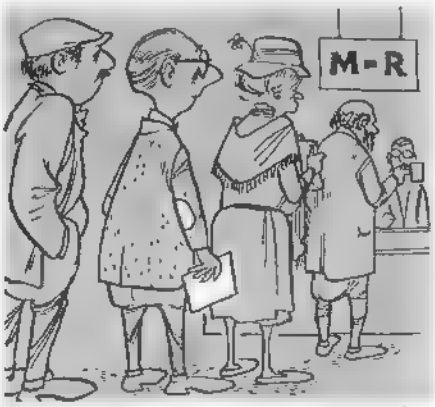
Here we see the man under hypnosis, responding to gentle memory probing, recalling the address where he lives.

Here we see the cured man arriving at his house — and suddenly remembering why he tried to forget where he lives.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT

Here we see a namby-pamby milquetoast who just missed another promotion and didn't even have the nerve to ask why.

Here we see the same man after hypnosis, bursting into the Boss' office to demand a satisfactory explanation.



Here we see the same man applying for "Unemployment" after being fired for being insubordinate, loud and pushy.

PARTY ENTERTAINMENT

Here we see a clever host preparing to amuse his guests with hypnotism he learned from reading this article.

Here we see the clever host attempting to make a fool of his subject by hypnosis, and thus amuse his guests.

Here we see the highly amused guests laughing heartily at the clever host who has just made a fool of himself.

NG IN CONCLUSION

playing the violin or kazoo. If a novice is aware of the dangers, he can take sensible precautionary measures . . . like crossing his fingers or rubbing a wart hog for luck.

Jabber-Whacky

or

ON DREAMING, AFTER FALLING ASLEEP WATCHING TV

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: ISABELLE DI CAPRIO

'Twas Brillo, and the G.E. Stoves,
Did Procter-Gamble in the Glade;
All Pillsbury were the Taystee loaves,
And in a Minute Maid.

"Beware the Station-Break, my son!
The voice that lulls, the ads that vex!
Beware the Doctors Claim, and shun
That horror called Brand-X!"

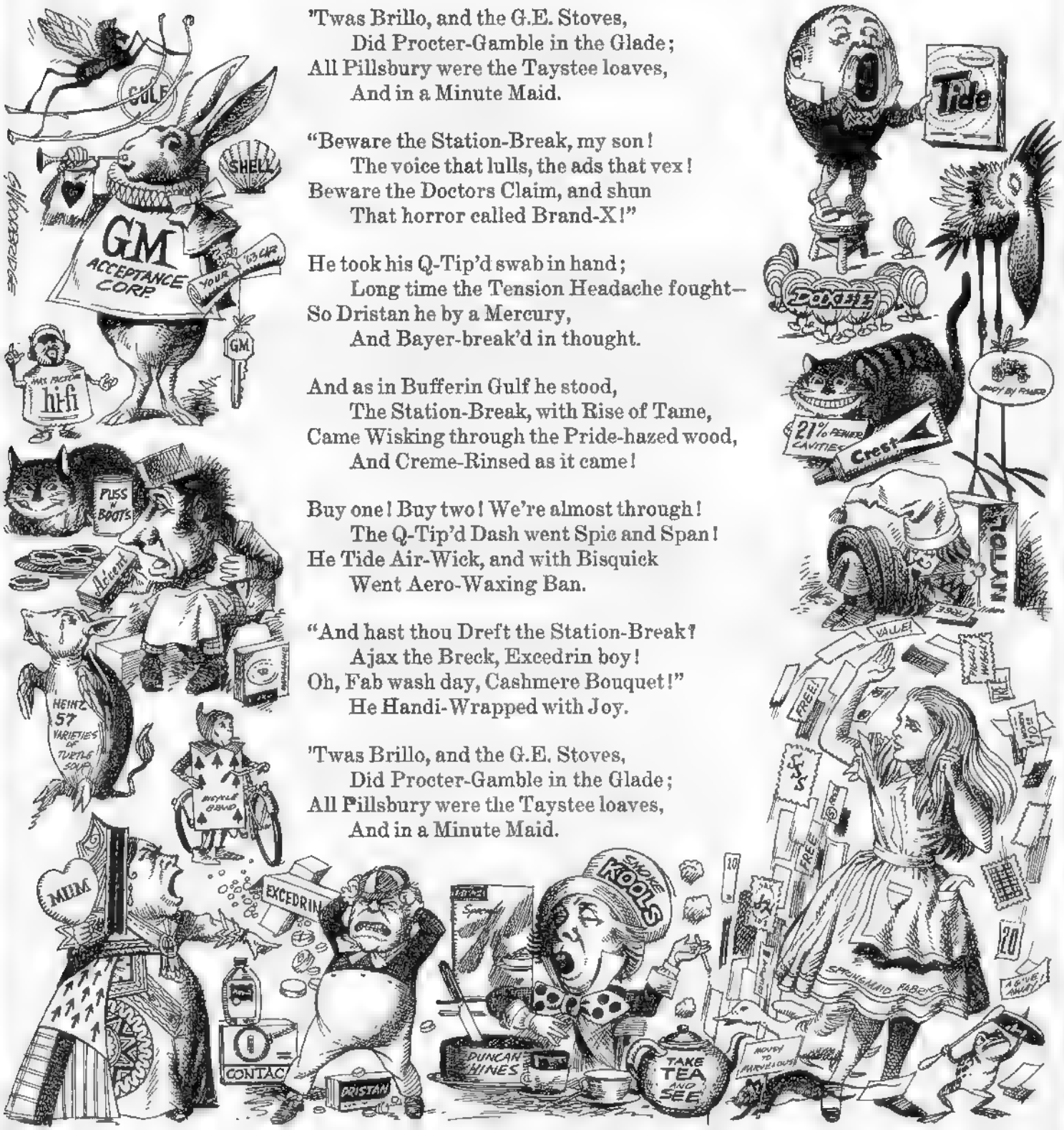
He took his Q-Tip'd swab in hand;
Long time the Tension Headache fought—
So Dristan he by a Mercury,
And Bayer-break'd in thought.

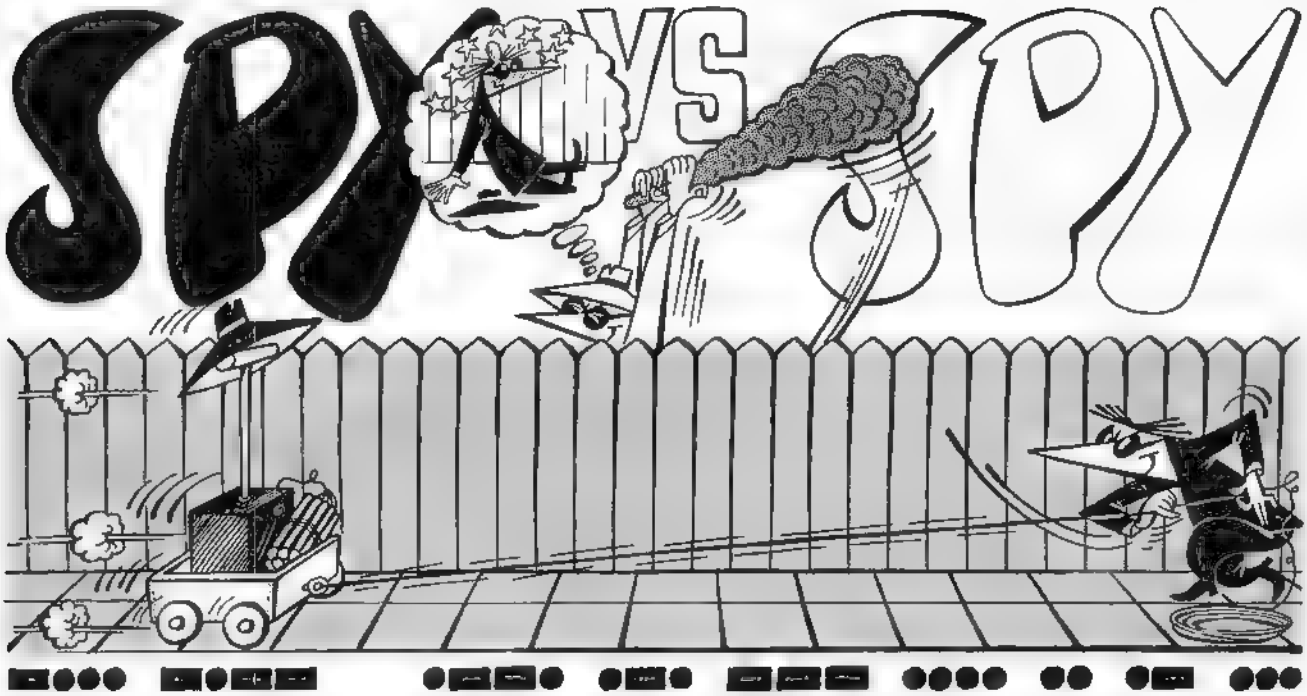
And as in Bufferin Gulf he stood,
The Station-Break, with Rise of Tame,
Came Wisking through the Pride-hazed wood,
And Creme-Rinsed as it came!

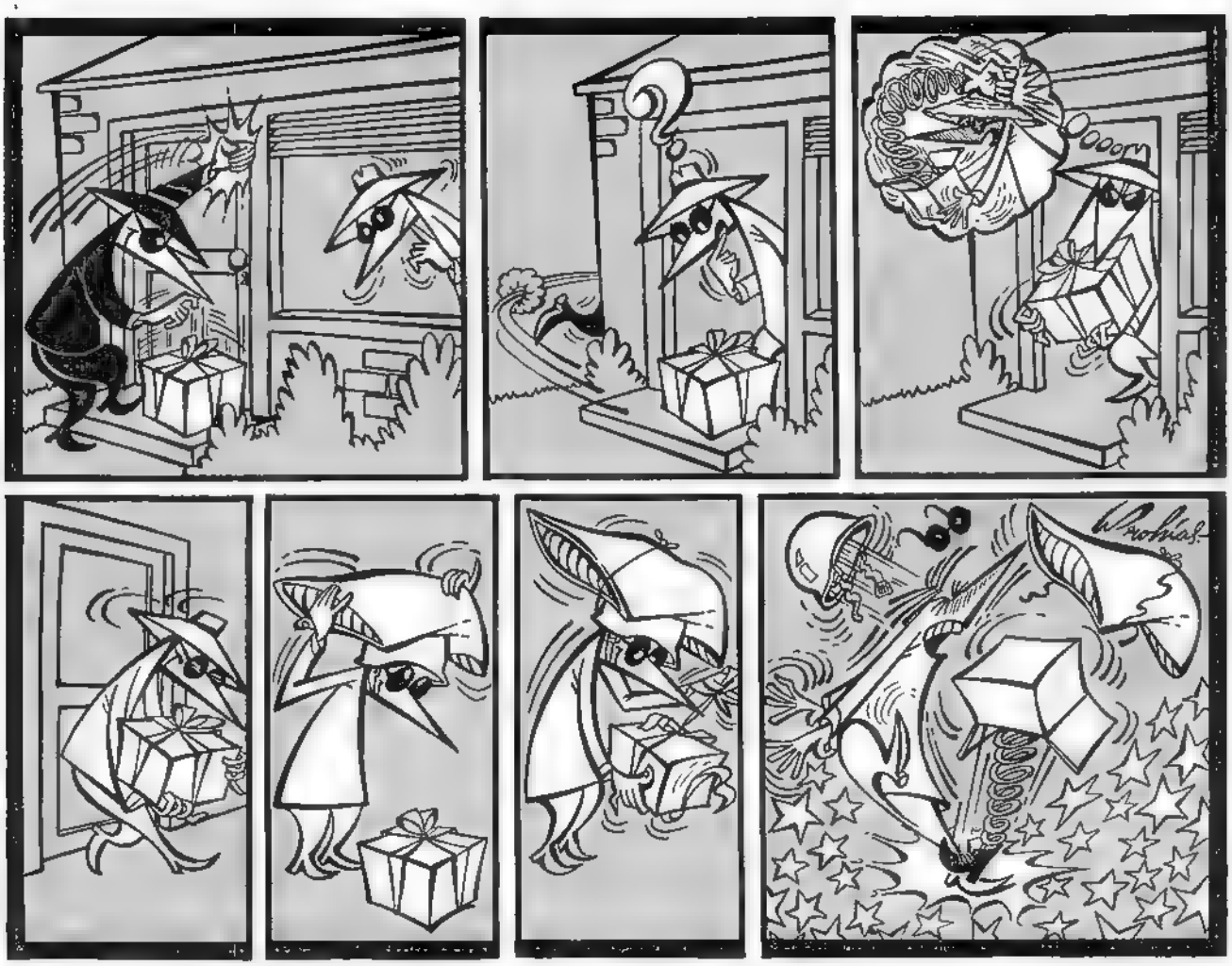
Buy one! Buy two! We're almost through!
The Q-Tip'd Dash went Spic and Span!
He Tide Air-Wick, and with Bisquick
Went Aero-Waxing Ban.

"And hast thou Dreft the Station-Break?
Ajax the Breck, Excedrin boy!
Oh, Fab wash day, Cashmere Bouquet!"
He Handi-Wrapped with Joy.

'Twas Brillo, and the G.E. Stoves,
Did Procter-Gamble in the Glade;
All Pillsbury were the Taystee loaves,
And in a Minute Maid.




SPY VS SPY

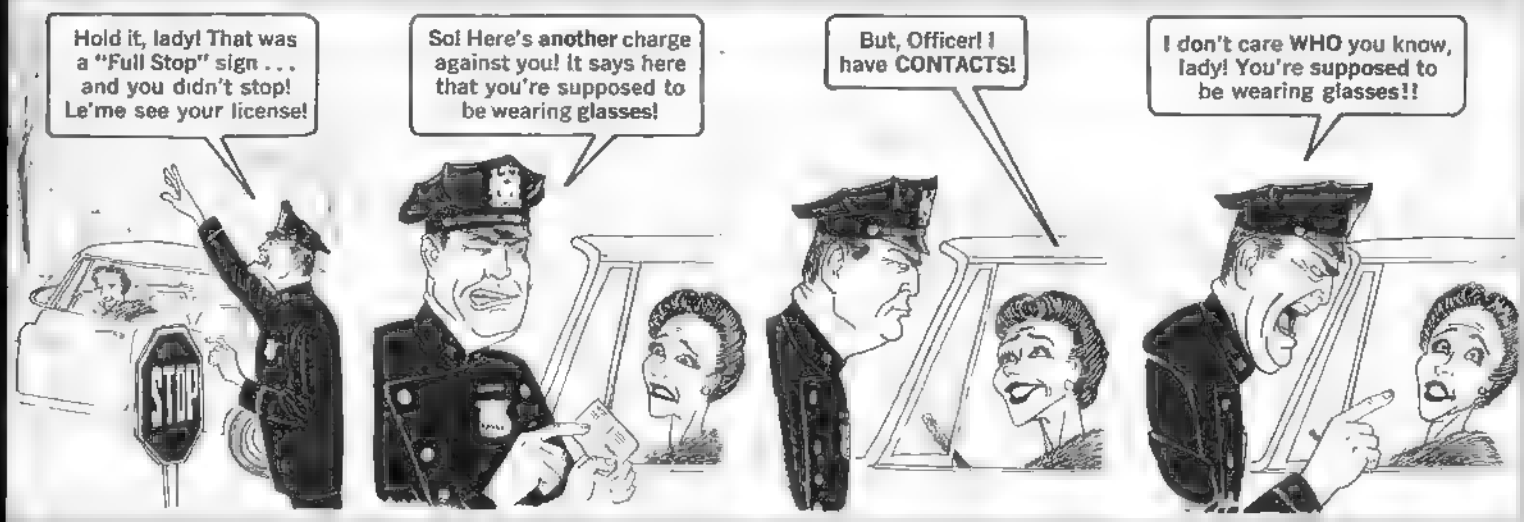


TWANG!!
TWANG!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

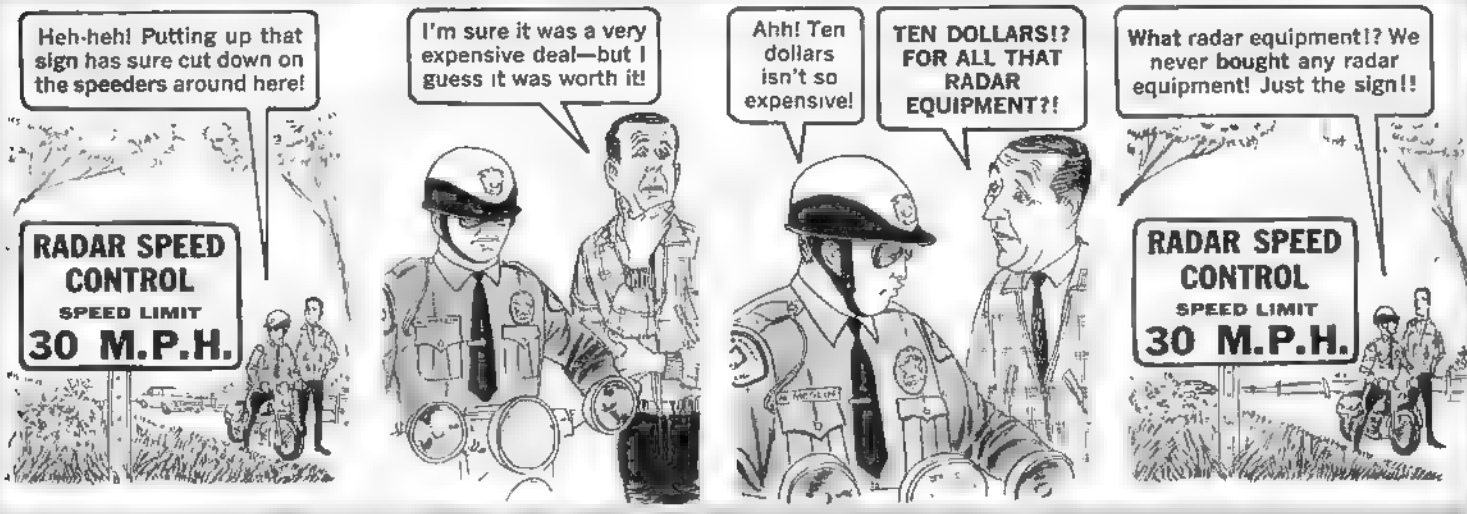
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

We've always felt Dave Berg had a screw loose, and now we know it! Mainly, who else but a nut would be idiot enough to publicly poke fun at the members of the Police Department. Well, he does in this article — which, come to think of it, we're idiot enough to publish!



COPS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



Okay, wise guy! Just hold it right there!
Take it easy, pal! I'm an off-duty cop myself!
Then you ought to know better! Going through a red light is a serious offense! What's your name?
Ed Kolman . . .
That's K-O-L-M-A-N!
Aw, nuts! I spelled it wrong! I'll have to write out another!
Okay, wise guy! Just hold it right there! You ought to know better! Littering is a serious offense! Now . . . What's your name?
Are you the lady who called for a policeman?
I'll say I am!!
It's that shameless man over there! He's taking a shower, and he hasn't got the decency to pull down the shades!!
I don't see any man, lady! In fact, I don't see a thing except that house two blocks away!
Of course you don't see a thing! You're not using these binoculars!!
Look! The cops got John Moore!
Really? I wonder what he's done!
You gotta watch out for those quiet ones!
I never did trust him! He's got shifty eyes!
He probably embezzled the company funds!
Nah, he's got a lean and hungry look! He's the "Killer" type! Most likely he murdered his wife!
Thanks for the escort, Officers!!
When I grow up, I'm gonna be a policeman! I'll have a real gun, and I'll shoot the crooks! Bang! Bang! Boy, what fun!
Crooks shoot back!
Gee, I didn't think of that! Anyway, directing traffic is lots of fun!
In rain and snow storms and on hot summer days?
Gee, I didn't think of that, either! But riding on a motorcycle is lots of fun!
And getting a lot of lip from big-mouthed women drivers?

All right! Pull over!!
You were doing 60 miles an hour in a 30 mile zone! What's the big rush?
I've got to get to City Hall, Officer! It's terribly important!
Yeah? What's so important about getting to City Hall!
I've got to get there before it closes . . . so I can pay for this speeding ticket I got yesterday!
There's a cop coming up the walk! What do you suppose we did wrong?
Oh-Oh! I bet he's gonna give us a summons for not removing the snow from the sidewalk!
No, I think he's going to give us a summons for not having a cover on the garbage can!
Or else he's gonna arrest me for driving with my left headlight out!
Or maybe we're getting a ticket because the dog bit someone again! Or Johnny broke another window!
Whatever it is, we're in trouble!
Hello! I'm selling tickets to the Policeman's Ball . . .
Huh? Oh . . . Sure! Sure! Hee-hee! I'll take all you've got!!
Move along!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY, OFFICER!
Remember this: You're a servant of the people, and I'm a taxpayer! That makes me YOUR BOSS!!
Then you're just the guy I wanna see! HOW ABOUT A RAISE . . . BOSS?
I'm moving along!
Well, the uniform is keen! I'll buy a dozen of them!
Are you kiddin'? On a policeman's salary . . .
Well, driving around in a shiny new patrol car is lots of fun!
Yeah—answering crank calls to chase kids like you and me from playing ball in the streets!
Gee, thanks for warning me! When I grow up, I'm gonna be a fireman!!
Hey, how come you know so much about cops?
'Cause that's my Pop standing there!!

HIRE EDUCATION DEPT.

In this modern age of keen competition, there often are hundreds of applicants for every job opening. Therefore, as a service to its readers, MAD gives some helpful advice on how to land that job. Why a MAD reader would want a job is beyond us, but every family has its black sheep—and it's for these sheep that this article is intended. Those of you who break out in a cold sweat and get the shakes at the very thought of going to work may skip this article . . .

3 SURE-FIRE METHODS OF GETTING A JOB

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: MICKEY ROSE

METHOD #1—The "Direct Approach"

Look at the "Want Ads" in your local paper, and carefully pick out the job you want . . .

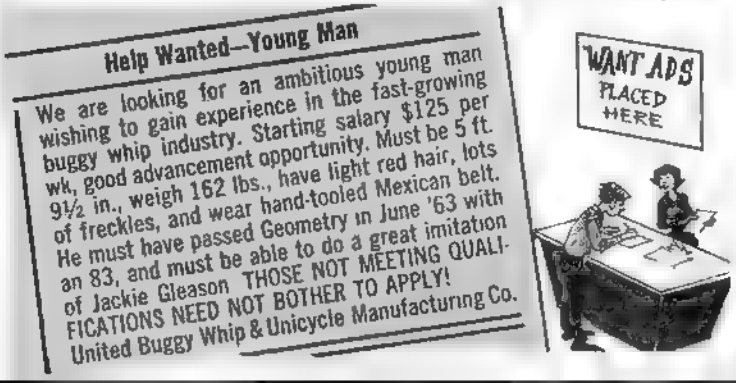
Instead, go directly into the Men's Room down the hall, and remove your jacket and roll up your shirt sleeves . . .

METHOD #2—The "Decoy Ad Approach"

Decide on what kind of job you want, then place "Want Ad" in paper that sounds very attractive to others in field:

METHOD #3—The "One-Two Tailored Ad

Pick out company you would like to work for, then place ad in paper carefully worded so it applies only to you:



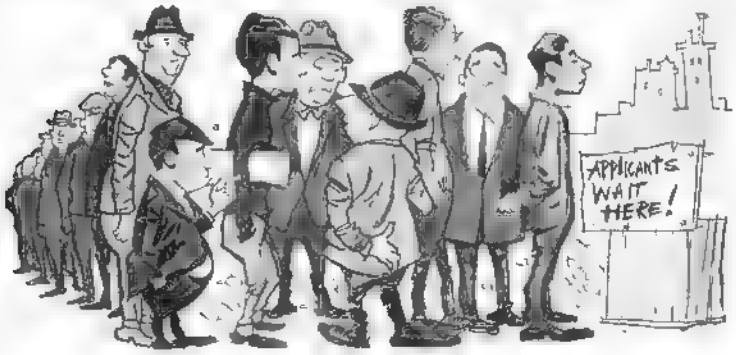
Answer ad by going to the address where the interviews for the job are being given . . .

Do not go directly into waiting room because it will be filled by hundreds of others like you who answered ad . . .

With shirt sleeves rolled up and tie loosened, enter the waiting room with air of authority and casually announce:

While other applicants leave hastily, you retrieve your jacket, roll down sleeves, and return alone to claim job!

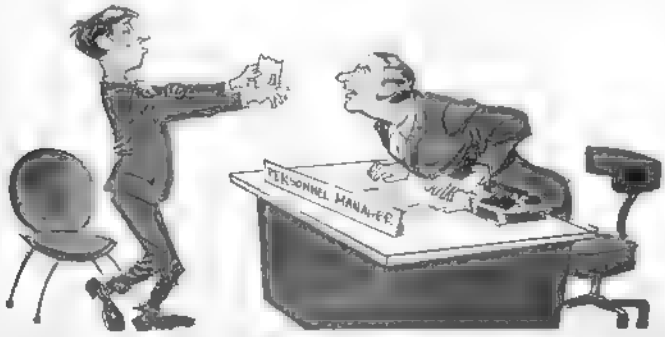
Since no such job exists, or for that matter the address, applicants will waste day waiting in vain in vacant lot . . .



While you select the next best job offer and apply for an interview completely devoid of competition. (Note: Do not make mistake, get excited, and answer your own want ad!)

Approach"

You then show up with ad, and Personnel Manager, not wishing to appear an idiot, will hire you on the spot!



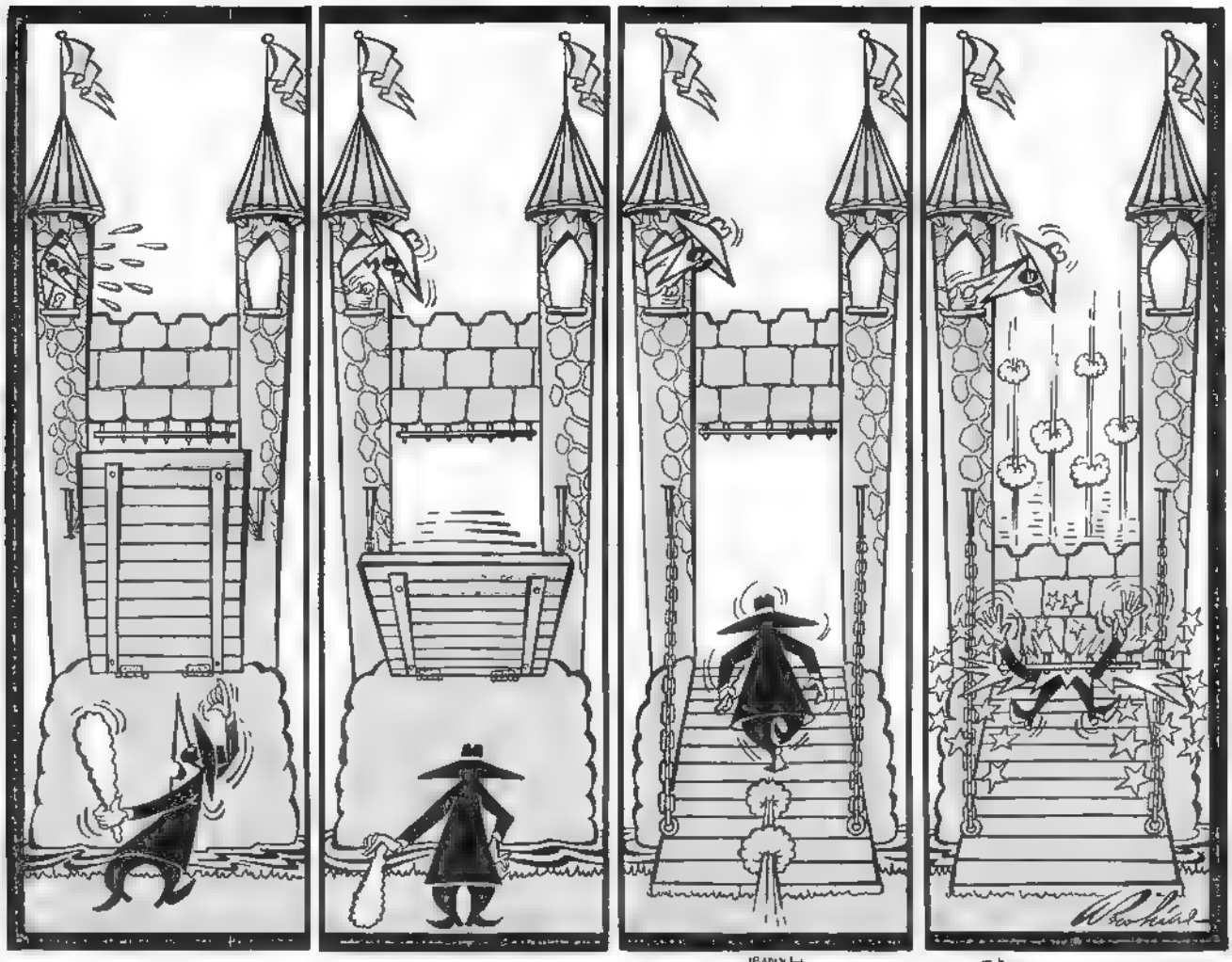
If he gives you any trouble, show second ad you placed

Help Wanted—Personnel Manager

We are looking for a competent Personnel Manager to replace our present one who may be leaving because of inability to size up prospective employees as per our needs. Must be able to evaluate applicants promptly to see if they fit our qualifications.

UNITED BUGGY WHIP & UNICYCLE MANUFACTURING CO.

SPY VS SPY



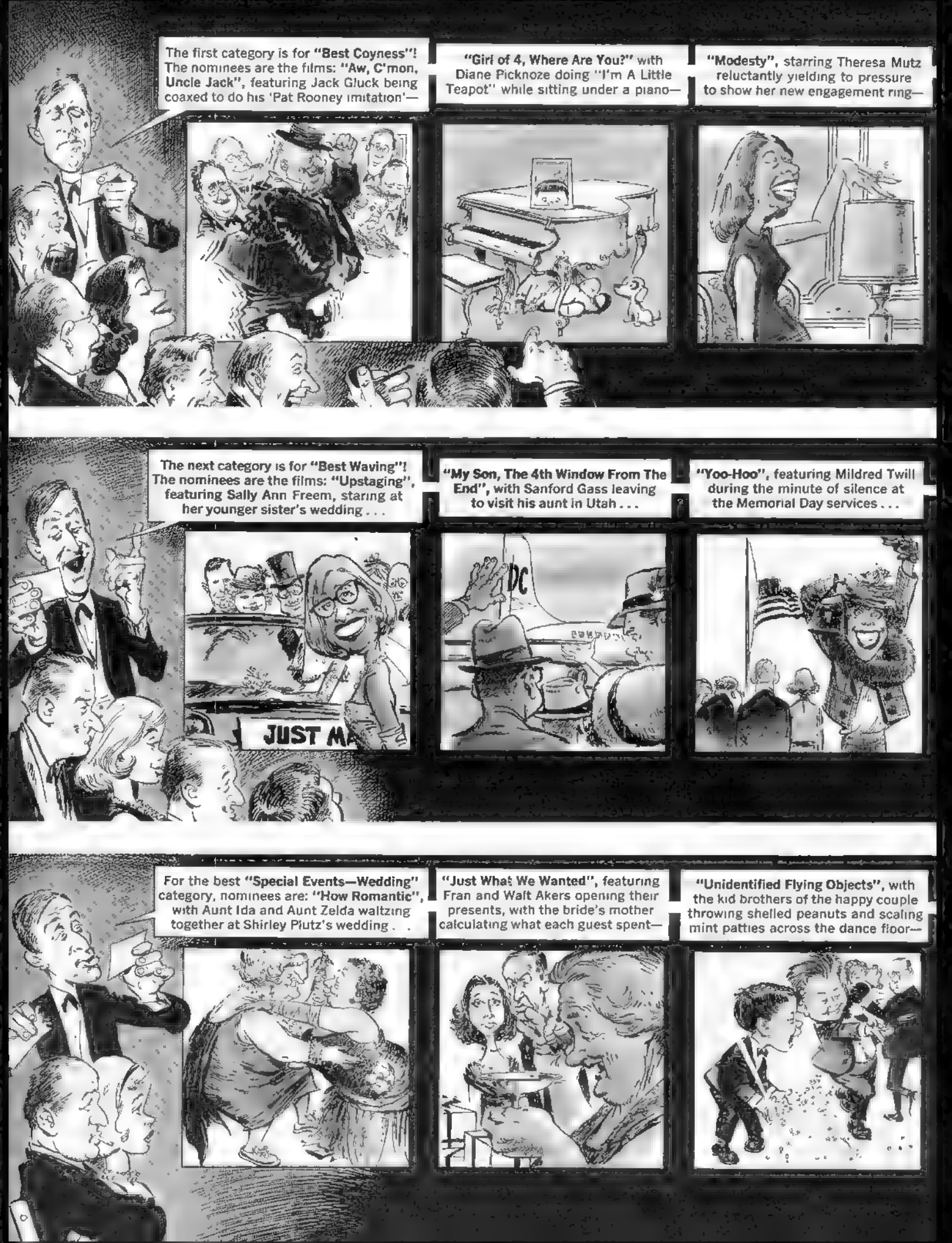
BANK

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ECCCH-TION DEPT.

Every year, the movie industry makes a big hoo-hah over the Academy Awards. Frankly, we're not impressed. How tough is it to make a movie when you have $37,000,000 to blow on it? Huh? MAD feels that it's about time the really dedicated movie-makers of this country get their deserved recognition! We mean that vast army of amateurs who are devoted to the cinematic art despite limited funds and even more limited talent . . . the "Home Movie Makers"! And so, in order to give 'em what's coming to 'em, MAD Magazine proudly presents:

The ACADEMY AWARDS for HOME MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART


The first category is for "Best Coyness"! The nominees are the films: "Aw, C'mon, Uncle Jack", featuring Jack Gluck being coaxed to do his 'Pat Rooney imitation'—
"Girl of 4, Where Are You?" with Diane Picknoze doing "I'm A Little Teapot" while sitting under a piano—
"Modesty", starring Theresa Mutz reluctantly yielding to pressure to show her new engagement ring—
The next category is for "Best Waving"! The nominees are the films: "Upstaging", featuring Sally Ann Freem, staring at her younger sister's wedding . . .
JUST MA
"My Son, The 4th Window From The End", with Sanford Gass leaving to visit his aunt in Utah . . .
DC
"Yoo-Hoo", featuring Mildred Twill during the minute of silence at the Memorial Day services . . .
For the best "Special Events—Wedding" category, nominees are: "How Romantic", with Aunt Ida and Aunt Zelda waltzing together at Shirley Plutz's wedding . . .
"Just What We Wanted", featuring Fran and Walt Akers opening their presents, with the bride's mother calculating what each guest spent—
"Unidentified Flying Objects", with the kid brothers of the happy couple throwing shelled peanuts and scaling mint patties across the dance floor—

And the winner is Mrs. Selma Needleman for her great performance in **"Oh, please—Don't—I look Terrible!"**

Congratulations, Mrs. Needleman! To you goes the Academy's Award Statuette . . . **"The Marvin"!**

Oh, I'm so surprised, I can't talk . . . so I'll just hand out these mimeographed copies of my modest acceptance speech!

And the winner is: **"Goodbye, Already"**, starring Claude Fibula on location at the Long Island Railroad Depot—

I'd like to give thanks to all the people without whose efforts, I would not be here tonight—to Dr. F. Lawson, a giant among bone specialists . . . to Lincoln Fram, the greatest X-ray technician a guy was ever blessed with . . . to insurance man Albert S. Alexander, a claim examiner's claim examiner . . . and last but not least, to lawyer Sam Leighton for his invaluable behind-the-scenes work on my million dollar negligence suit . . . Thank you, one and all!

And the winner is: **"Eat, Darling!"**, showing how adorable it is for a grown man to get fed like an infant . . .

The "Marvin" goes to Jerry and Ginny De Fuccio! However, a slight technicality prevents the Academy from presenting the Award until their community property settlement is agreed upon!

Now the award for **"Priceless Memories Of Children's Parties"**. The first nominee is **"The Search"**, a candid study of the innocent joys of childhood . . .

Joan Fagel's film, **"You're Driving Me To An Early Grave"**, starring her twins poking each other in their unending "I-Got-You-Last!" contest—

"The Actress", with Clara Englehard attracting attention by performing her 'Make-Believe-I'm-Dead' routine—

The nominees for the **"He's Funny Enough To Be On TV"** category are: **"Diamond Lil"**, with Lenny Rupp dressed as Mae West, embarrassing his family for 50 feet of film—

"Girl Overboard!" featuring horseplay by Harry Hartnett as he gaily throws his terrified date into the pool, knowing full well she can't swim—

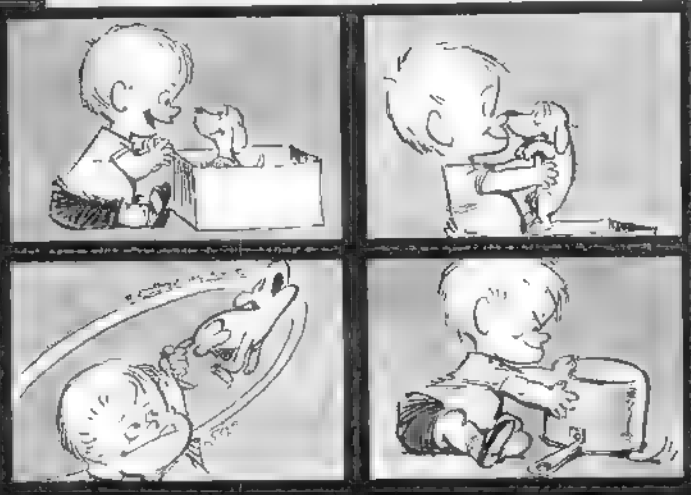
"The 65th Birthday", starring Carl Bletch doing his clever 'This Food Stinks!' pantomime at the catered party his son gave in his honor—

In the **"Pictures Of Our Trip"** category, the nominees are: **"State Straddling"**, Renee Abbott's amazing documentary on how one State borders on another . . .

"A Great Bunch Of Guys", the film Frank Leemy runs for his relatives—showing people they don't know, and whom Frank will never see again . . .

"Golden Gate City—I Hear Your Heartbeat", Larry Mack's arty film essay of San Francisco as seen through his wife Babe's armpit . . .

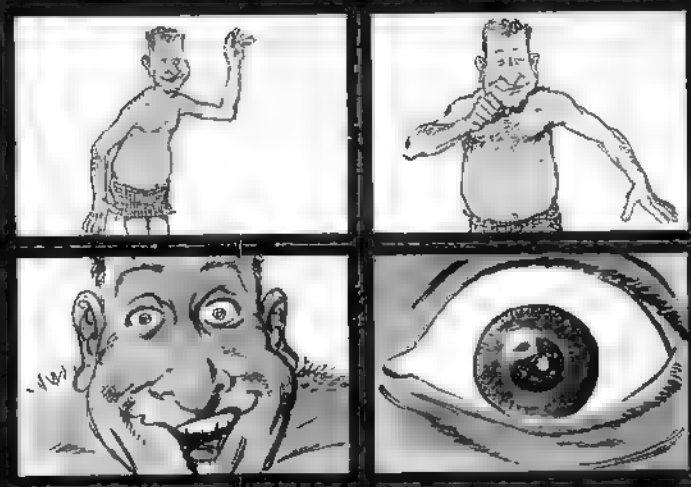
And the winner is: **"A Boy's Best Friend Is His Dog, But Not On His First Birthday"**, with fiendish Donny Portnoy—



Accepting the award for Donny is his father, Eric Portnoy . . .

Thank you—and I know that Donny would want me to give credit to that late great canine showman . . . the immortal Fluffy, whose memory will serve as an inspiration to us all!

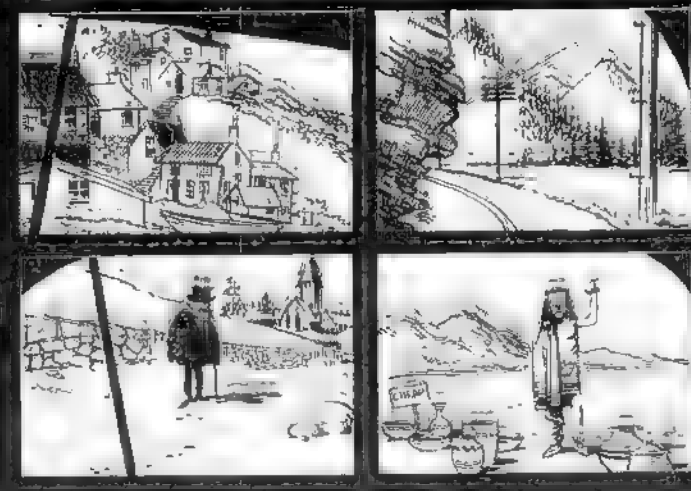
And the winner is: **"Gangway—Here I Come"**, with Al Longo in the ever-popular "Running At The Camera" routine . . .



Al, baby, you're beautiful, just beautiful. We've seen good runs at cameras, but yours was truly an 8-millimeter milestone. Would you like to say something . . . ?

The stitches come out next week!

And the winner is: **"Driving Across America, Land Of Scenic Splendor"**, Doris Flang's classic example of how to shoot an entire travel film through a moving car's windshield—

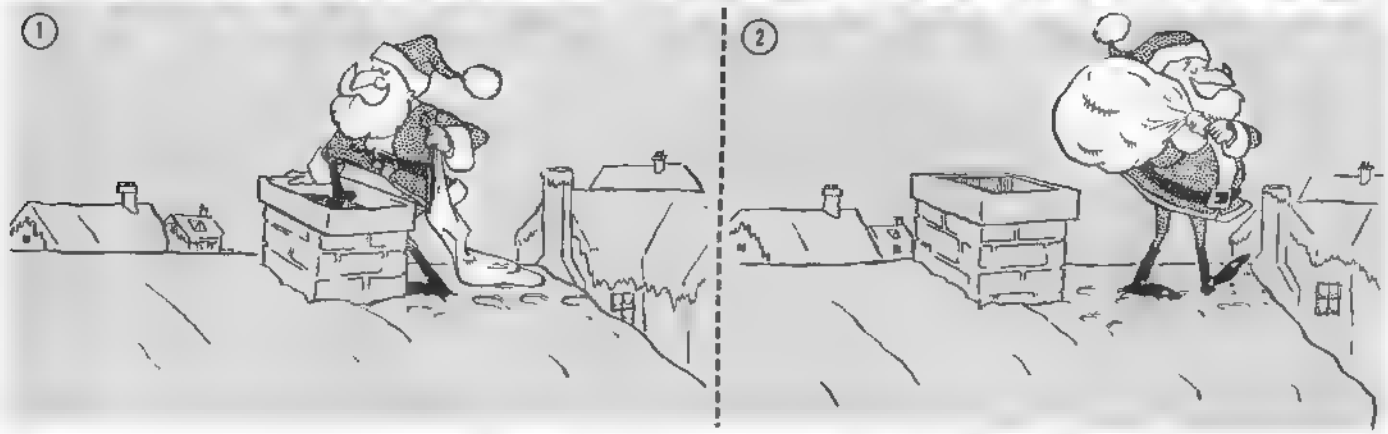


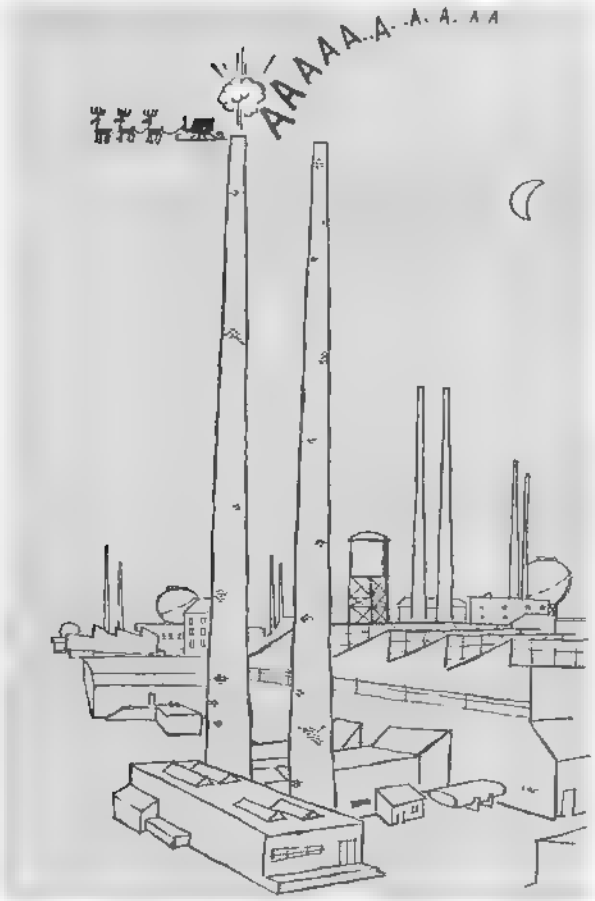
Thank you! And I want to thank my husband whose driving helped make our trip from New York to California the happiest 13 hours in my life!

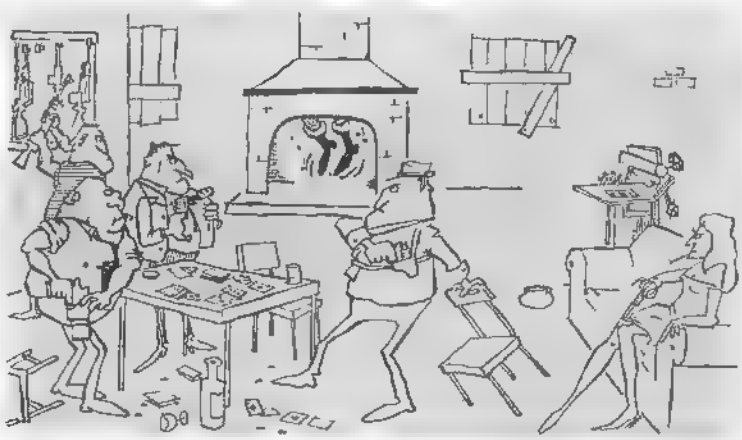
And that brings to a close the **First Annual Academy Awards For Home Movies.** The winners will celebrate at a lavish party in the two rear booths of Mr. Waterhouse's candy store. And . . . please, winners! No movie cameras! We want to enjoy ourselves!!

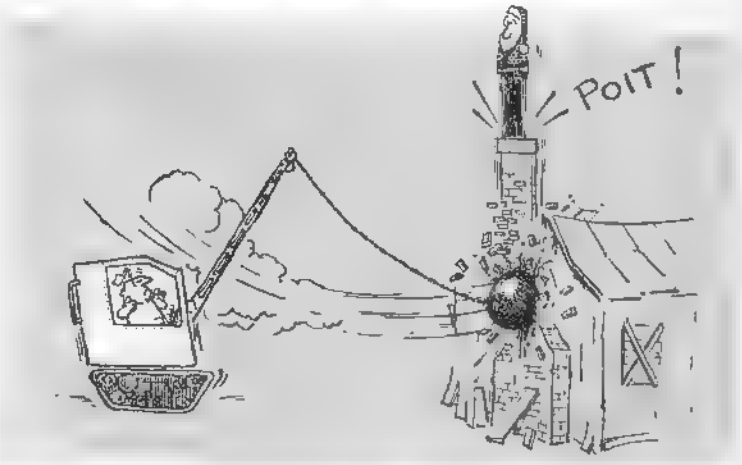
HO-HO-HO DEPT.

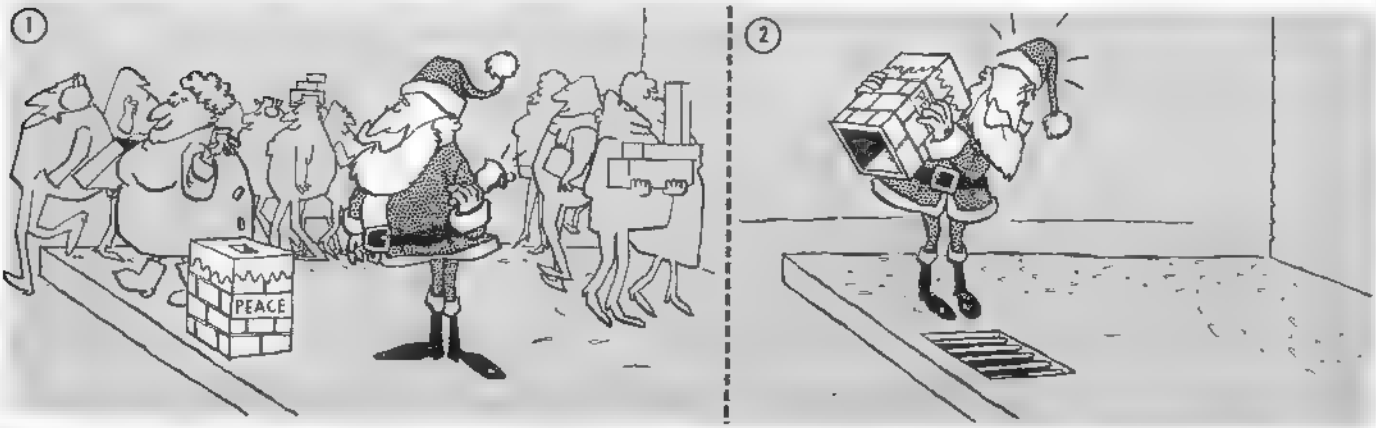
A MAD LOOK AT





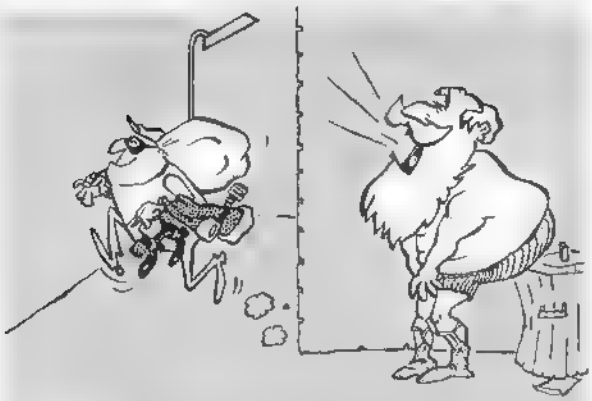


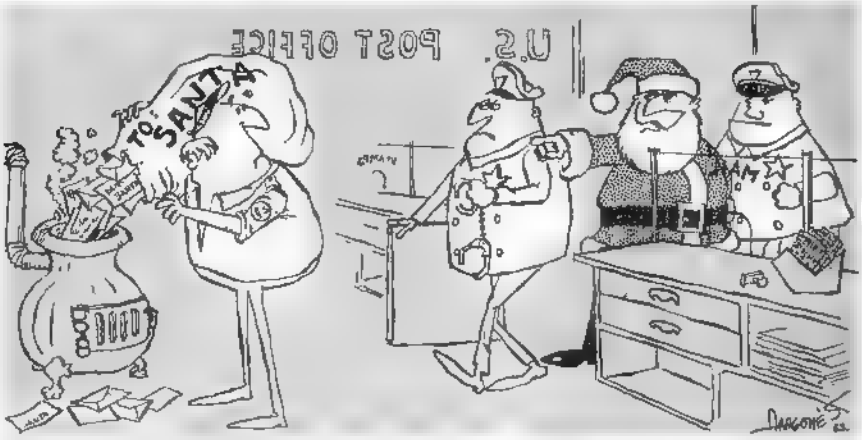




SANTA

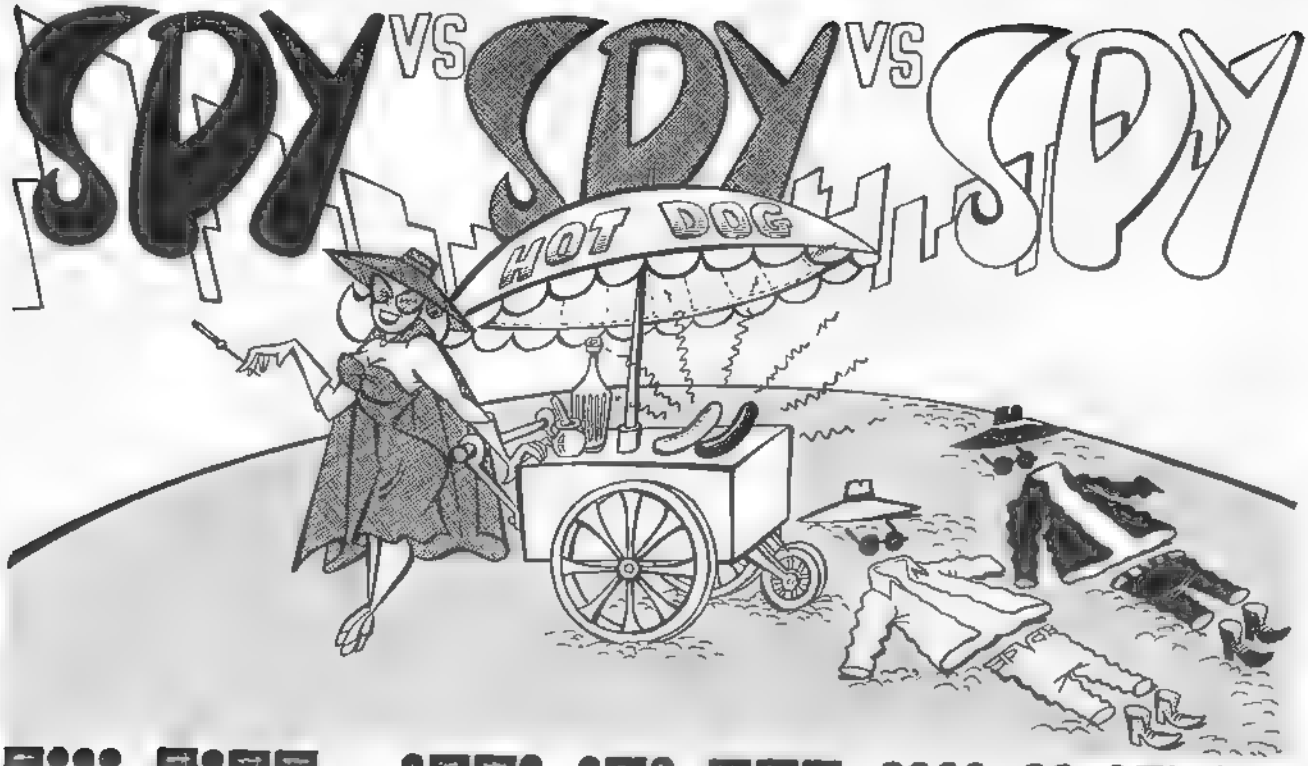
WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

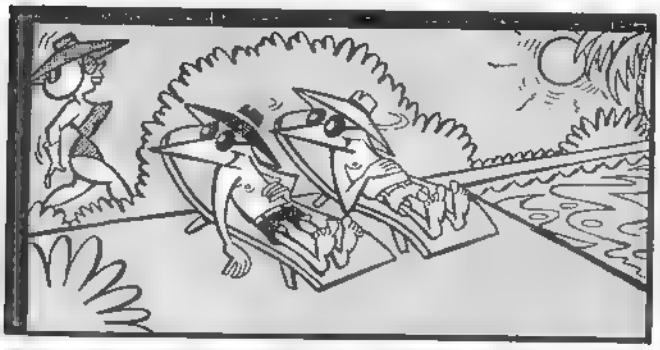


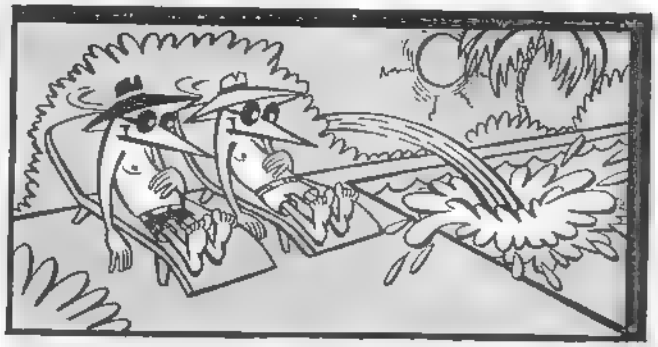


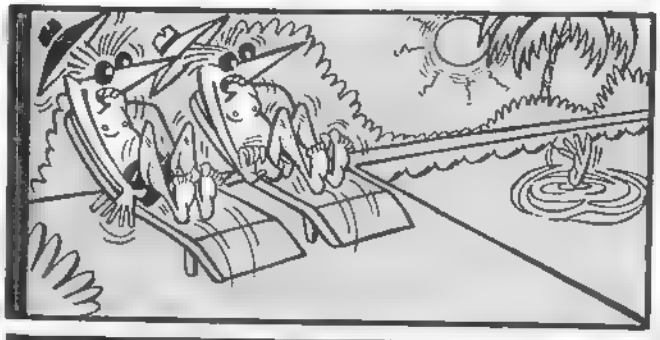
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART III

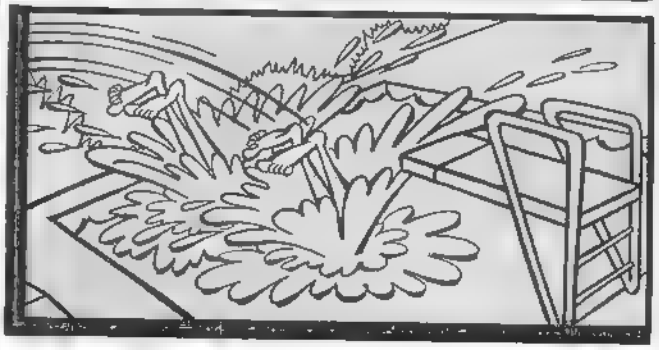
SPY VS SPY VS SPY

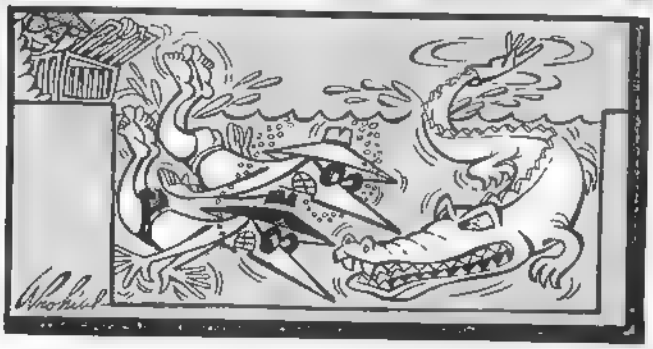






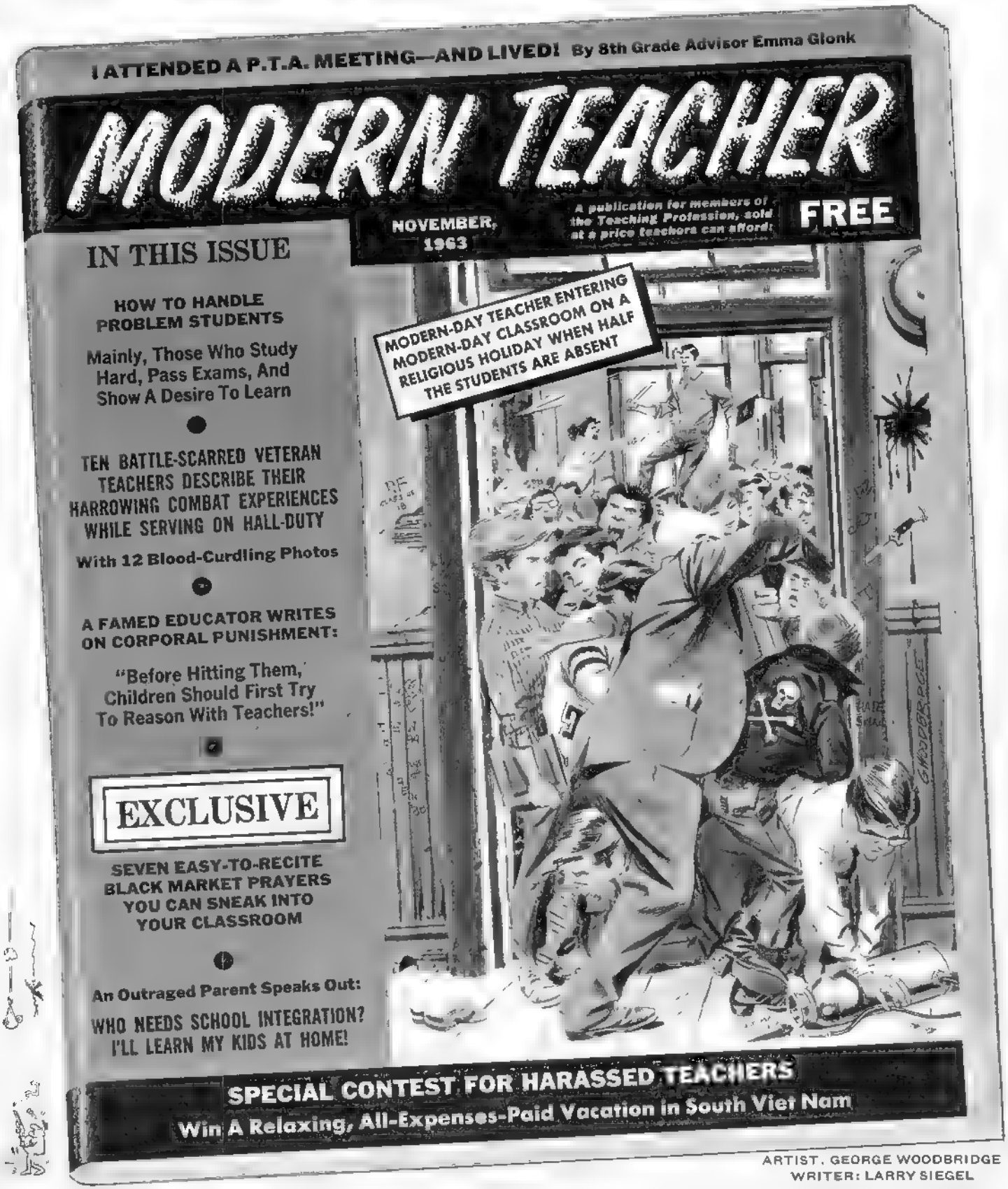






WORKING FOR SCHOOLIE WAGES DEPT.

Back in September, 1960, we ran a magazine aimed at what we then thought was the most miserable animal in existence—The Beatnik. But in September, 1962, we came up with a magazine for even a lower species of the human race—The Racketeer. Frankly, we thought we'd hit bottom. But recently, after digging among the very dregs of humanity, we came up with the individual who is now considered to be the lowest creature of them all by the American public. Here then is MAD's version of a magazine aimed at the . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Have You Been Suspended Lately
For Recommending Communistic
Literature to your Students?

Play It Safe With

SIMON PURE BOOKS

The Simon Pure Publishing Company has re-written hundreds of well-known subversive works so that they meet the patriotic standards of all parents who are members of the DAR, Birch Society, etc. Here are only a few of the books and stories you can order and safely assign to your class *today:*

* **GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE EAGLES**
formerly "Goldilocks and the Three Bears"
* **MELVINHOE**
formerly "Ivanhoe"
* **THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE BADGE OF COURAGE**
formerly "The Red Badge of Courage"
* **WEST OF EDEN**
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* **THE 39 PRAIRIES**
formerly "The 39 Steps"

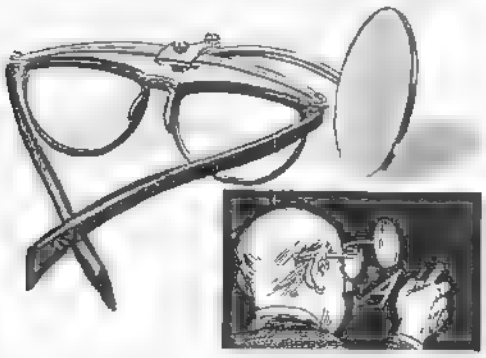
Write For Our Free Catalogue
SIMON PURE BOOKS
Box 1776, Philadelphia, Pa.

CATCH THAT CHEAT!

**Why put up with exam-cheaters?
Nip cribbing in the bud—with**

RANKIN

REAR-VIEW MIRRORS



These handy rear-view mirrors attach neatly over your eye glass frames to give a clear, unobstructed view of the classroom while you're writing on the blackboard.

ALSO HANDY FOR CATCHING:

Spitball-Throwers
Funny-Face-Makers
Dirty-Picture-Passers
Smoochers
Sleepers
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AND COUNTLESS OTHER BEHIND-YOUR-BACK ACTIVITIES

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR LOCAL OPTOMETRIST

JUST $2.98 for standard eye glass frame attachment

($350.00 if you wear contact lenses)

DEAR PRINCIPAL LUMMOCK

All teachers who have problems are invited to submit them to Principal Lummock in care of this magazine. If you desire a personal reply, kindly enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (Note: Since most teachers can't afford a stamp for a self-addressed envelope, Principal Lummock is discontinuing his offer for personal replies with this issue.)

Dear Principal Lummock:

Last Friday, I assigned members of my class to take home the living things in our classroom and care for them over the weekend. You know, the usual stuff: gold-fish, plants, turtles, and things like that. Anyway, one of my bigger pupils took *me* home with him against my will. Frankly, I had a miserable time, but that's beside the point. Wasn't this a terrible thing to do?

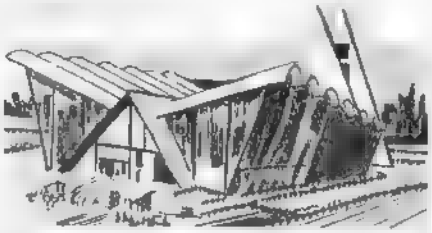
B. D.
Charleston, S. C.

It sure was! You distinctly told your class to take home "living things." You are a School Teacher! You call that "living"?

Dear Principal Lummock:

While travelling through Leveltown, Long Island, the other day, I noticed some builders erecting what looked to me like the most ultra-modern, farthest-out, wildest-looking suburban school I had ever come across in my entire life. Am I right? Is this a new suburban school they're putting up in Leveltown?

F.Y.
New York City



No. F.Y., the building you saw will not be a new suburban school. Its architecture is much too wild and abstract for something as dignified as a school. The structure you saw is going to be a church.

Dear Principal Lummock:

I have been told that many Principals these days are not so much interested in the welfare of their teachers and the education of their pupils as they are concerned with being high-powered public relations men and casting favorable images in their communities. How do you feel about this?

R. T.
Detroit, Mich.

Well, I've been shirt-sleeving this subject with my brain-storming assistants over at my Finster Junior High School shop, where I run a tight little ship—and after spit-balling it around the room, we dropped it into the inkwell to see how it stained. Frankly, the whole thing came up ridiculous, rumor-wise.

Dear Principal Lummock:

I have a problem which has been bothering me for several months. I am Principal of the Elisha Cook, Junior Junior High School in Hollywood. Last month, I made a brilliant speech at the graduation exercises. Among other things, I said, "As you pick yourself up by your bootstraps and put your nose to the grindstone and your shoulder to the wheel, you must step boldly, but carefully, onto the Frontiers of Life, remembering to keep your head in the clouds and your feet on the ground, or vice versa. . . . "Anyway, for some strange reason, 85% of the graduation class fell asleep during my speech. Can you tell me why?"

C. D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-ZZZ.

Dear Principal Lummock:

Recently, I read a transcript of the brilliant speech given by the Principal of the Elisha Cook, Junior Junior High School in Hollywood, to the graduating class last June. How can I get in touch with him? I want to nominate him for Presiding Officer at the Republican National Convention in San Francisco next year.

D. D. E.
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sorry, D.D.E., the Democrats beat you to it and contacted him first.

Dear Principal Lummock:

I am a 6'7" First Grade Teacher at P.S. 37 in Dover, Delaware. As you might well imagine, with the water fountains in the school halls installed about two feet off the floor for the convenience of the small children, it is almost impossible for an adult to take a drink. I used to try bending over, but I wound up with a slipped disc. Anyway, a few weeks ago, I began kneeling on the floor to take a drink. This worked out fine for a few days, until an FBI man stormed in one day and arrested me. Can you tell me why?

E. R.
Dover, Del.

It's very simple. He thought you were praying.

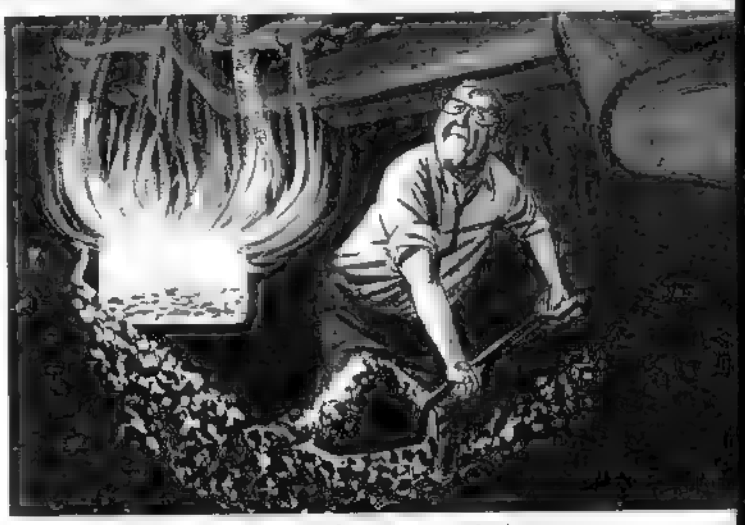
Every month, MODERN TEACHER selects one member of the profession who best typifies the American School Teacher, and shows an average day in his life.

meet... ARNOLD GUMBER

MODERN TEACHER'S

Teacher of the Month

At 7 AM, Gumber puts on a double breasted suit and wide-brimmed hat, sticks a cigar in his mouth, and tells his neighbors he's off to his book-making parlor. They don't know that his respectable job as Bookie is just a front for his real vocation . . . a miserable teacher at P.S. 46.



At 8 AM, Gumber handles his first extra-curricular, non-paying teaching assignment in school basement. P.S. 46, built in 1823, was once infested by rats. But the rats are gone now. The school was too damp and dirty for them.

At 8:45, Gumber goes on school yard duty. While extremely hazardous work (with possible death always imminent), being outdoors gives Gumber a chance to sneak a smoke—something you can't do in school—unless you're a pupil!

From 9:00 to 2:00, Gumber handles many important teaching assignments, such as Cafeteria duty, collecting lunch money, collecting bank books, collecting milk money, and collecting switch blade knives from the pupils. (More dangerous weapons are collected from the pupils by the school's special Bomb Demolition Squad. . . .)

At 2:00, Gumber directs his class in a comedy in the school auditorium. Everyone forgets his lines, and the jokes fall flat. At 3:00, Gumber receives his monthly paycheck backstage. He goes on stage and shows it to the audience. This gets the biggest laugh of the day.

At 3:15, Gumber is picked up by police for authorizing the use of a dirty text book entitled "Improper Fractions." He is fingerprinted and booked. He pleads for a prison term, but since it's his third offense, he receives the maximum penalty. He is sentenced to return to P.S. 46 as a teacher!

THE INQUIRING TEACHER

QUESTION: How do you feel about teachers going on strike?
WHERE ASKED: At various schools and strike picket lines.

SHIRLEE BROWN
Fourth Grade Teacher
And Potential Wife

I don't see why teachers have to resort to something as degrading as strikes. Now take me, for example. I'm an average, conscientious young teacher who lives at 147 Mosholu Parkway, a keen dancer, swell company, and my telephone number is MQ-O-4299. All I want is to bring education and enlightenment to pupils for the rest of my life (unless I get a better offer, like getting married, say, next Tuesday). I think the $60 a week I get is more than enough and I can live on it very comfortably. Of course, my father, who I live with, and who is also a teacher and has to support me and my mother—*he's* got problems!

JAMES HOFFA
Labor Union Leader
And Humanitarian

Sure teachers should go on strike. Everybody should go on strike. Striking is healthy. It takes people out of their houses where they can get into trouble, and puts them on safe street corners. I like to strike. I like to strike all the big companies. I like to strike all the big plants. I'd like to strike Bobby Kennedy. Right inna mouth! Why shouldn't teachers strike? Some of my best friends are truck drivers. Some of my best truck drivers are teachers. When they're not driving trucks. Well, they gotta eat!

HERMAN KLING
Professional
Failing Student

I'm all for teachers going on strike. After all, they're human. They have a right to a living wage and decent working conditions. If, by going on strike, they bring out into the open the terrible injustice that is being played on one of today's most important professions, then I'm all for it. I'm all for anything that will open the public eyes, that will open the public minds, and that will close the public schools.

ROBERT T. WAG
Mayor and Distinguished
Public Servant

I think it's terrible when public employees have to resort to strikes. Look at me, I'm a public employee. You don't see me striking. I do the best I can on my $40,000 a year. And take my Governor friends, they're public employees. They don't strike. Just the other day, Governor Rockefeller swore to me he'd never strike for more money. And President Kennedy told me the same thing. He's a public employee. Recently, the teachers in my city wanted a raise. Did they go on strike? Of course not. We settled the whole problem by talking. That's how you always settle problems—by talking. I sat down and I talked to them. I said, "You're not getting any more money, and that's settled!"

This Month's Colorful Report Card Terminology

In keeping with the common practice in schools across the nation of disguising the true character and personality of pupils so their parents won't get like a trauma, MODERN TEACHER offers another installment of some new and colorful double-talk terminology for use on report cards.

"He has an unquenchable thirst for spontaneity in education, which has been best slaked by the give-and-take of classroom discussion, as opposed to the sterile atmosphere of a non-scholastic milieu."

TRANSLATION: He hasn't done his homework in three weeks!

• • • •

"While his personal intellectual capacity is limitless, he rarely hesitates to absorb knowledge from others around him in order to enhance his image as a well-rounded pupil."

TRANSLATION: He cheats on exams!

• • • •

"He allows himself the healthy luxury of unleashing his pent-up emotions, which, had he suppressed them, might turn him into a seething cauldron of self-consuming neuroses."

TRANSLATION: He kicks, scratches, bites and spits!

• • • •

"He has an innate desire to examine at first-hand the vicissitudes of life, which has been best satisfied by personal pilgrimages into the very maw of civilization."

TRANSLATION: He cut classes 24 times this term!

• • • •

"He appears to prefer the cloistered atmosphere of solitary study, rather than engage himself in the communication of class discussion."

TRANSLATION: The other kids steer clear of him because he doesn't wash.

• • • •

"He is deeply concerned with the physical well-being of other students, seeing to it that they do not overindulge in calories or harm the calcium content of their teeth."

TRANSLATION: He steals cookies and candy from his classmates.

• • • •

"His is a wandering, probing mind, which by its very nature, should not be accelerated onto new horizons too rapidly, but should be allowed instead to return to areas once before explored for the purpose of gathering additional insight."

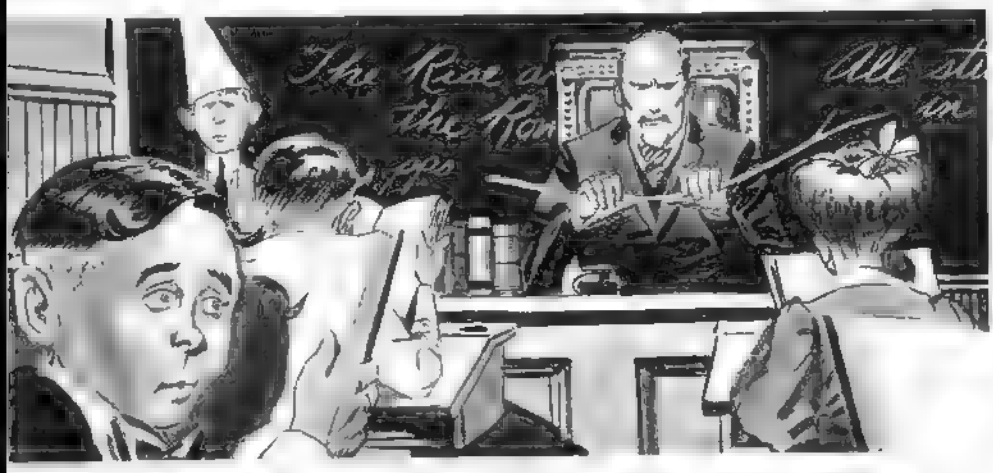
TRANSLATION: He's going to be left back this term.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE U.S. TEACHER

A look at how the American Teacher has developed (or to use a better word—deteriorated) over the past century

100 YEARS AGO

Back in 1863, the American Teacher was an unbending figure of authority. He was big and strong, with a large, sinister-looking mustache. His students hated and feared him. But they respected him. His teaching methods were strictly hit or miss. Either he'd hit the pupil — or he'd miss him when he cracked his large whip. But even when he missed, the wind burns that resulted were extremely painful. Life was rough for students in those days, and many of them used to run away . . . down South, in hopes of becoming slaves and living easier lives.



50 YEARS AGO

In 1913, the American Teacher was still a rigid figure of authority, but he wasn't quite as big and strong as his predecessor, and not everybody feared him. For example, heavyweight champion Jack Johnson didn't fear him. (We can't think of anyone else!) He was a lot more liberal in his teaching methods. He abandoned the whip. Instead, his students were taught to the tune of a hickory stick. (We know it doesn't make much sense when you say it, but when you sing it, it sounds great!) Life was still rough for students, and many of them used to quit school to work in factories for 18 hours a day, which was more tolerable.

25 YEARS AGO

In 1938, the Female Teacher came into her own. She was anywhere from 25 to 65 years of age (but she always looked over 100!) She was a lot bigger and stronger than her predecessor, and a little bit uglier. But being students under her was a breeze. She rarely hit them with anything larger than a ruler, and in six months time, students never even felt it any more. But she was still feared and respected, just as if she were a man. And that's because most of her pupils weren't absolutely sure she wasn't!

TODAY

Today, the American Teacher is like a lost chicken wandering across a road, trying to get to the other side. In other words, he is a joke! No one hates him, no one fears him, and no one respects him. They merely tolerate him. Like a cold. He would never dream of belting a pupil with a whip or a hickory stick or a ruler. He has used his fists, though — but only in self defense. However, there are classrooms in the U.S. that are controlled by unbending figures of authority who are big and strong with sinister-looking mustaches whom everybody hates and fears but respects. The trouble is, they're not Teachers . . . they're pupils!

THE BLACKBOARD JUMBLE

NEWS 'N' GOSSIP ABOUT THE TEACHING PROFESSION

By Harold "Sandy" Wilner

Hats off to industrious Principal Harvey Higgle, of Birchwood Junior High, who is augmenting his income with a clever use of his inter-classroom public address system. Harv personally conducts a swinging 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. disc jockey show of rock 'n' roll records and witty patter—even during exams. He's fully sponsored by local candy stores, ice cream parlors, saloons, burlesque houses, and other business establishments with messages of importance for today's school-age youngsters . . . Bad news for Ruth Bleaker, Third Grade Teacher at P.S. 131. Her parents refused to give her permission to marry one of her pupils. They feel that 31-year-old Donny Thyson is a bit too old for her. Better luck next time, Ruthie . . . Good news for the Henry Peskins in the person of a brand new 7-pound bouncing baby boy. Henry teaches math at the Jack Holt Memorial High School in Beverly Hills. His wife is a former Kindergarten Teacher, who used to conduct the 2 A.M. to Dawn session at the slightly overcrowded P.S. 6.

* * * * *

Best wishes to P.S. 193's Irma Brechwold, who will celebrate her 70th year as a teacher next month. 92-year old Irma, who tried to retire several times in the past but was asked to stay on by school authorities because younger teachers refuse to work for $38 a week, will celebrate the day quietly. Only the immediate family will be present at a small party given in her honor, including her mother, P.S. 193 teacher Maude Brechwold. Reba Brechwold, Irma's grandmother, who sprained her ankle while teaching gym at P.S. 193 last week, will not be able to attend.

* * * * *

Memo to the ridiculously spoiled students at the suburban Arthur Fingerhut School: Free bus service has now been extended to include all pupils who live more than 10 feet from the school. Previously, only pupils who lived 20 feet or more from the school could ride. And now for some bad news, kids: Since your whole school is on one level, the city has turned down your request to install escalators in the building . . . The City Planning Commission of Finnque, Illinois, has just given the green light for a new 4,500 housing unit development to be constructed within a three-block radius of P.S. 238. Naturally, no new school will be built in the area, so P.S. 238 will be a trifle more overcrowded. To make room for the added influx of pupils, all teachers will be asked to stay home on school days.

* * * * *

In the educational battle for survival between the West and Russia, this column has always spoken out strongly for encouraging brilliant students who show promise and are well-advanced for their age. Which is why we were so excited by the card we just received from teacher Herman Fiffnik. Herman tells us that every pupil in his First Grade class speaks flawless French. However, upon investigation, we found out there's a slight catch here. French is the *only* language they speak. Herman teaches in Bordeaux, France. (Can't you ever be serious, Herm?)

* * * * *

Our condolences to the family of heroic Irving Doren, who taught Science at the brand new Richard M. Nixon Junior High School (which was involved in building graft and collapsed last week due to faulty construction). When he noticed that his room was sinking below the basement, Doren allowed his students to abandon class, but he refused to leave his desk. It isn't very often that a teacher is courageous enough to go down with his classroom. We will never forget you, Irv . . . Worried because your students act like a bunch of dolts whenever a Superintendent or Principal drops in unexpectedly to sit in on one of your classes? Here are some excellent questions, submitted by Ninth Grade Teacher Harold Opp, which you can ask safely: "How much is two and two?", "Spell cat!", "Who would like to demonstrate 'breathing' for today's 'Show and Tell'?", "Which of these famous men discovered the Hudson River: (a) Henry Hudson (b) Seymour M. Dopplefinger (c) Paul Anka?" Contributor Opp promises to send along the answers in time for next month's column.

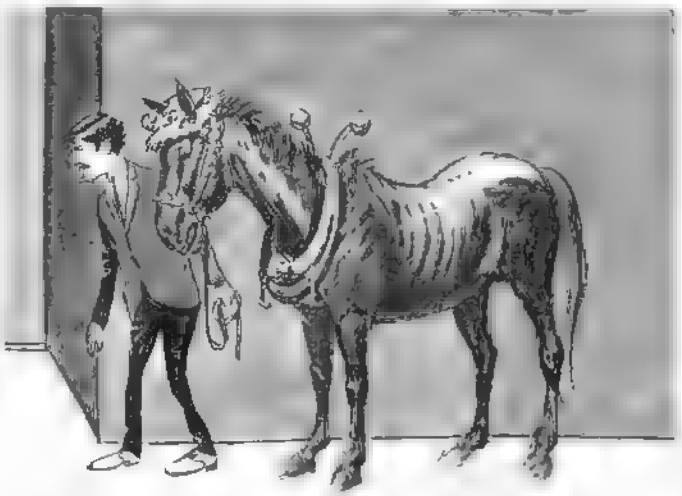
* * * * *

Best of luck to Fifth Grade Teacher Victor Emster, of P.S. 49. He's taking the "Big Step" with his childhood sweetheart, Miriam Troy. The couple will live at the home of Miriam's parents until Victor decides what he wants to do for a living . . . We hear that thousands of letters are pouring into Washington every day, congratulating all the Congressmen who have been successfully fighting Federal Aid to Education. The only trouble is, they're all from Nikita Khrushchev.

* * * * *

Will some of Harry Carruther's friends at City College please do something about helping him to get rid of the terrible inferiority complex he's recently developed? It just isn't dignified for a respectable College Professor to wear one of those idiotic false-nose-and-eye-glasses disguises whenever he goes in to pay his rent. Even though Harry *did* discover that the new landlord of the 57 story apartment building he lives in is Seymour Gribble, whom Harry flunked in Business Administration two years ago.

Congrats to the Fire Department. They finally freed Mrs. Sophie Zelk, who got stuck in one of those tiny writing chairs she was forced to sit on while visiting her son's Second Grade class during Open School Night in Oct. 1959.



Student Frank Pock, voted "Boldest Exam Cheater for '63", is shown here entering a room to take his final exam in "Anatomy of the Horse". At the other end of the rope is the nerviest crib sheet Frank ever smuggled into class.

THE MOONLIGHTER'S PAGE

What's What Among The "Part-Time Job Set" Along Teacher's Row

The Fourth Annual Teachers Dance at The Potrezebie School last month was a huge success. Biggest joke of the evening was on the strangers who happened into the gym and thought that the affair was a Costume Ball. They didn't know that all those present were actually teachers dressed in the uniforms of the part-time jobs they were headed for . . . after the Dance.

Meet Sylvia Kupp, "Moonlighter Of The Year". Since January, Sylvia has been teaching her class Algebra all wrong . . . intentionally! With poor grades, the students have naturally had to seek help from an outside tutor. So far this year, Sylvia's income has been $3,422 as a Math Teacher, and $22,000 as an outside Math Tutor.

Here's Evelyn Glick, Biology Teacher at The Fink School, and After-Hours Wine-Maker, catching up on some of the part-time work she didn't get a chance to finish the previous night.

THE MOONLIGHTER'S CLASSIFIED ADS

Help Wanted—Male

CARNIVAL BARKER—9 PM to 1 AM weekdays, all day Sat. and Sun. Good opportunity for Elocution or Speech Teacher. We supply disguise so your students won't recognize you. 50¢ an hr. Write Box 195 MT.

CAR WASHER—Steady part-time work. Prefer Professor, but will accept Junior High School Principal. Must be College Grad. Here's your chance to clean up. Box 34 MT.

CATTLE SLAUGHTERER—Opening for aggressive, husky young Teacher. Chicken-plucking experience helpful but not necessary. 2 AM to 4 AM, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Bring own sledge hammer and knife. Box 14 MT.

PIZZA FLIPPER—We looka for a qualifi Teach. Write to us stronga selling letter anna tell us why you the man for-a this job. Then drop-a by inna few days anna read it to us. Box 57 MT.

SANDHOG—Work in a nice cool tunnel. Ditch-digging experience unnecessary. Free Hosp. Benefits, unless you get like the bends. Must know how to swim underwater. Box 42 MT.

Help Wanted—Female

FRUIT PICKER—Healthy, outdoor work for Teacher in the Rio Grande area. Excel. working conditions, friendly atmosphere, except for occasional hostile wetback attacks. 20¢ an hour and all you can eat. Lemon harvest starts this week. Box 121 MT.

PILLOW STUFFER—Prefer Teacher with M.A. degree. Salary commensurate with pillow-stuffing ability. Excellent opportunity. Can eventually lead to mattress-stuffing for the right woman. Box 34MT.

SANDHOG—Work in a nice cool tunnel. Typing experience unnecessary. Free Hospital Benefits, unless you get like the bends. We know it's crazy advertising for a woman sandhog, but who can tell how desperate you school teacher broads are! Box 42 MT.

WOMAN—Mature, intelligent Teacher preferred. Hard to describe type of job, but rest assured you'll work like a horse. 40¢ an hour. Free Death Benefits and Hay-Break. Box 36 MT.

Situations Wanted—Male

BRIGHT, personable, cheery, ambitious, aggressive, friendly, religious, eager Princeton Professor desires part-time job as shirt folder. Am experienced, and have own pins. Box 347 MT.

PHYSICS TEACHER, Rhodes Scholar, gd. friend of W. von Braun, seeks challenging part-time position as bus-boy. Look gd. in uniform. Will relocate to new school if necessary. Box 19.

Apartments To Share—Male

TEACHER, convicted of one of the most fascinating capers in Moonlighting History—Bank Robbery—wants to share comfortable cell with another convicted Moonlighter in same prison. Don't want bird-keeper, self-proclaimed lawyer, or book writer. This place is lousy with them. Box 97 MT.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

AN EARLY MORNING BATHROOM SCENE

ARE YOU HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF *CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?*

YULE CAPTURE THE "SPIRIT" BY GIVING (OR TREATING YOURSELF TO)

MAD's CHRISTMAS GRAB BAG

A NINE ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD MAGAZINE $2.00

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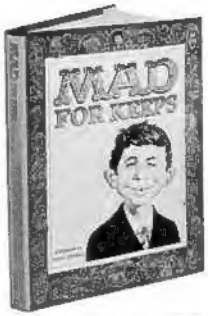

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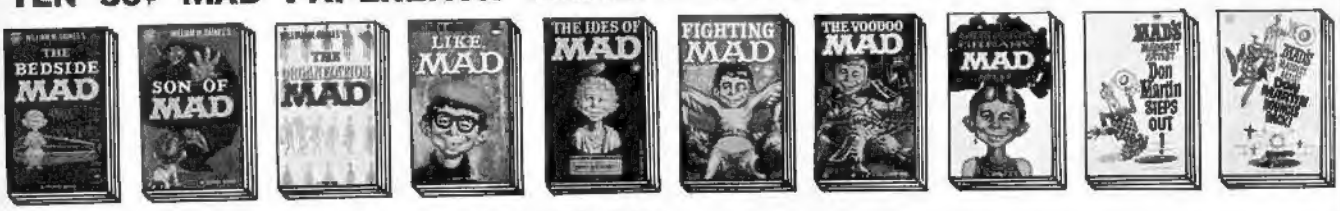
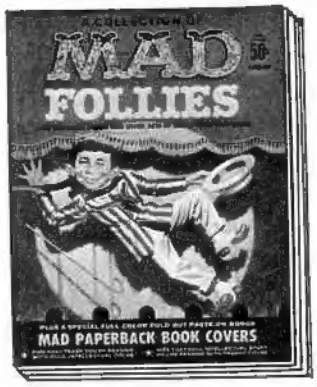


TWO 35¢ MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS ..... .70



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You guys *sleigh* me! I must have a *Scrooge* loose. Enclosed is $10.00*. Please send a *"MAD CHRISTMAS GRAB BAG"* to:

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A $13.40+ VALUE FOR $10.00

THIS OFFER EXPIRES MIDNIGHT, DEC. 24th, 1963

I'm the guy who puts eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can!!

All day long – squashing, squooshing, slamming, splattering . . . Yeccch, what a mess! Thank goodness it's my last week at this gooky job! Next week my company starts using a new-type can, and I'll be able to stuff those eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can without ending up looking like I've been attacked with a meat cleaver. Mainly because our new "little bitty can" expands into a "biggy wiggy can" like an accordion.